

The Mirror.



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The Mirror.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE MIRROR FOR THE SUMMER.

SUBSCRIBERS for the MIRROR, who are leaving their homes for the summer months, may have their paper sent after them regularly by notifying this office of changes in their addresses. The address will be changed as often as necessary.

Regular purchasers of the MIRROR on the streets in St. Louis are reminded that they can procure the paper at any newsstand in the United States or Canada.

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HELP TEXAS!

NO community in this country owes more to Texas and Texans than this. Therefore, no community should surpass us in helping the people who have so largely contributed to this city's commercial growth. The people of Texas have lost their crops in the floods, many are homeless and hungry, and now sickness has attacked them. Now is our opportunity to "do the handsome."

BRYAN OR NOTHING.

THE REGULAR DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.

THE schemers in the Democratic National Committee cannot defeat the renomination of Mr. William Jennings Bryan. Everything they try turns out to be a boomerang. The attempt to nominate Gorman has collapsed almost before formulated. The Augustus Van Wyck boom was ridiculous. The great body of people belonging to the regular Democracy wants Bryan, and nobody but Bryan. The people who cut away from the regular Democracy will not support any man whom the regulars would support. Although to some of us the dictum "Bryan or nothing" may seem much less an alternative than an expression of equivalence concerning the outcome of the next Democratic National Convention, the plain fact is that there is no man who can poll Mr. Bryan's vote but Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan is more than the platform. The people who believe in him at all believe in him devotedly and without modification. He is more a Messiah, to them, than a mere leader. His personal influence is more religious in its nature than political. There is that in his method, down to the smallest detail, as in his face, and in the ascetic atmosphere which is so pronounced in his personal history, which smacks of the circuit rider. Mr. Bryan is a revivalist by nature. Furthermore, he is convinced that he is

called of God for his work. No one can advise him. Every person who has been thrown with him testifies that there is no such thing as suggesting a course to him. He has no one who can talk politics with him. All that is permissible is absolute, unquestioning agreement with him. This consecration of his is so strongly impressed upon his own personality that he suggests it, after some hypnotic fashion, upon the minds of his followers. He is a phenomenon of the same order as "Divine Healer" Schlatter, and he possesses that peculiar equilibrium, poise or calm which is the last ecstasy of the doyenne, whether it be of philosophy or religion. There is the same elusive, almost exasperating, simplicity about him which we find so marked in the stories of the lives of some of the saints. No man is more off his guard than he, but no man is more difficult of mental approach, despite his wonderful affability. The real man is sunk in the depths of himself and his enthusiasm strikes one as having something of the quality of liquid air. It is cold so intense as to reproduce the phenomena of heat. Whosoever has been near him will testify that Mr. Bryan's personal power lies in his perfect calm. It is this unapproachableness which makes the "bosses" dislike Mr. Bryan. They cannot get into his mind. They cannot discover his drift or that he lays plans ahead. He does not sit down and "figure" with the leaders on policies. His purposes other than the preaching of his doctrine are utterly inscrutable. So far as the mere political piddlers of the National Committee and the scheming members of the Senatorial cabal are concerned, Mr. Bryan is moving among them in an envelop of abstraction denser and more impenetrable than ever was wrapped about an Indian yogi. They have no idea what he will do, if elected, with regard to the great question of "the offices." They cannot even guess who would constitute his Cabinet. The man from Nebraska doesn't seem to think upon the same plane—and it's a beastly low one—as the men who will have to attend to the practical details of the campaign. He will not, even, submit himself to the rules of campaign committees.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the "bosses," Senatorial and others, dislike Mr. Bryan, and secretly hope for his defeat; though, knowing those "bosses," it is not hard to understand why they dare not openly endeavor to destroy him. They are cowards. They took up silverism because they feared to lose their jobs, and in order to punish Mr. Cleveland, and, in some States, to oust "the old machine." They sold themselves to the Chicago platform, and now they dare not break away. They have got their revenge on Mr. Cleveland, and they may have turned out old leaders and taken their places, but they are worse slaves to Mr. Bryan than they were, before, to Mr. Cleveland. The man they thought to use is using them. They are able to hate him but impotent to hurt him. The mob to which they sold out holds them to the terms of sale. They abandoned their opinions to a lot of "cranks" and now the "cranks" are the party. The leaders are mats upon which the former "poor whites" of the party wipe their feet. Senators and committeemen dare not open their mouths except to glorify the things that are wanted by those to whom, for pique or place or profit, the former leaders prostituted their intelligences. Their sin has found them out. They are bound in their own toils, caught in their own trap. There isn't a so-called silver Senator who is consulted about policies. When a party platform was put forth in Missouri last year, no one of the men to whom Messrs. Vest and Cockrell surrendered to hold their places ever asked either Senator what he thought should be done. There isn't a National Committeeman who dares say anything but silver, and he shouts it all the harder when he realizes that he is opposed to the sixteen-to-one proposition. The bosses are the slaves of the mob. They are afraid of every little political fice who can make a speech.

They hate Mr. Bryan and they despise his followers, but they are cowards and they grovel before the ignorance and discontent and uncouth ambitions which they had hoped to control to their own ends.

The opposition to Mr. Bryan in his own party is contemptible. The devices to which it is put to find ways of obstructing him are puerile. Imagine men professing to desire "reform," tying themselves up with Croker and Tammany or with Arthur Pue Gorman, and then behold how, when the rank and file will have naught of Croker or Tammany or Gorman, the conspirators almost dislocate their anatomies in getting to the front to testify their fealty to Mr. Bryan. If Mr. Bryan were shelved by the people who will dominate the next Democratic convention it would be an infamous outrage. The nomination is his by every consideration of decent politics. There is no man in his party who is his equal, no man who is so in rapport with the principles of the party. There is no man who comes anywhere near Mr. Bryan in popularity, and his defeat for another nomination would be a defeat of the popular will, so far as his party is concerned. He has earned renomination by his work. He has kept the party alive and hopeful when the other so-called leaders only despaired and desponded. There is not another man around whom the hosts can rally. All others are, in the popular mind, suspects. Nominate another man than Mr. Bryan next year and the Democrats would lose two million of the six and a half million votes he polled in the election of November, 1896. Drop Mr. Bryan and all the Populist votes are dropped. Abandon Mr. Bryan and the Chicago platform is meaningless. Abandon the Chicago platform and all the "outsiders," the looney parties, are forced out of the Democratic party. These things the Democratic convention will never do. In the remote contingency of such things being done there would be only one logical candidate—Grover Cleveland. For, to do all the things referred to, it would be necessary that the Gold Democrats should capture the convention. And if the Gold Democrats captured the convention the consequent bolt would be bigger than the regular party.

Mr. Bryan is the man. He is invincible in his party. His enemies only waste their strength in endeavoring to encompass his defeat. Every device they have tried thus far has resulted in exposing their impotence. Each failure has strengthened Mr. Bryan. These failures, too, have convinced those who "bolted" in 1896 that the men who "stayed in line," in spite of their dissent, are traitors to Mr. Bryan as they were to their own convictions. Those who left the party in 1896 have more respect for Mr. Bryan than for those who now wish to humiliate him. Those who would betray silver, now, betrayed gold, three years ago. They would betray anything the betrayal of which would profit them a year from now. It is most gratifying to see them on a perpetual diet of crow. It is almost enlivening to note that the men who sold out the Democratic party to the Populists have to crawl before a Populist Messiah and serve the whims of every windy whangdoodler who can talk bogus "altruism" and "philanthropy." More delightful is it to see the editors of great newspapers trying to stand in at the same time with Mr. Bryan and those who would try to find a substitute for him. It is delightful to behold them trying to present new issues, which Mr. Bryan calmly sets aside as "secondary" or "subsidiary" or "mere details."

Mr. Bryan will be the nominee. The fight will be on the finances, because the Republicans will declare against trusts and it would be impolitic for the Democrats to declare too strongly against the flag. The regular Democracy went after the silver issue and got it. They have it, now, like the man had the bear. They can't let go.

W. M. R.

WORLD'S FAIR HEART-FAILURE.

MISTAKES THAT HURT THE PROJECT.

A NUMBER of readers of the MIRROR have written the editor, and called upon him personally, to inform him that articles upon the present status of the local World's Fair movement are calculated to hurt the movement and the MIRROR.

As for the paper, truth-telling is not going to hurt it. As for the Fair, the MIRROR cannot hurt it, nor does it wish to do so, if the facts as set forth in this paper are not true.

The statements in the MIRROR concerning the Fair have been presentments of fact.

The declaration that the Fair "look's like it's busted" is but a voicing of a very general impression among men of affairs.

That some men who have subscribed to the Fair fund are secretly opposed to the Fair idea, is true.

It is true, also, that the best-posted men in the city and State have grave doubts that the people will vote to tax themselves for the Fair.

It is true that the recent reorganization of World's Fair committees has been followed by a sort of *sotto voce* disparagement of the enterprise on the part of some of the members of committees that failed to raise funds.

It is true, furthermore, that there is growing a feeling of resentment against the manner in which the *Post-Dispatch* has undertaken to coerce into subscription men generally believed to be opposed to the movement. That paper has published the names of some of these men as persons who should come to the front. That performance is designed to bring about such a situation that the men so published will not dare to withhold subscriptions for fear of being publicly pilloried as "old fossils." Such a scheme is a hold-up at the point of the pen, and nothing else. I have no doubt that the *Post-Dispatch* means well, but I very much doubt if the end justifies the means. The man who is, in effect, told that if he does not subscribe he will be held up to public scorn, indignation and contempt, is very likely to be intensified in his objection to the scheme. Subscription under duress will not realize much Fair funds.

I think the coercion policy is a mistake. I think it is almost as grievous a mistake as was made when it was announced that the citizens had subscribed \$4,500,000. When this sum had to be cut down to something under \$3,000,000 the action cast a wet blanket on the enthusiasm of a great many people. The second announcement implied a "reneg" upon the part of some people, and it operated to prevent other people coming forward with their subscriptions.

It can hardly be doubted that the MIRROR is right in saying that there is a political hostility to the Fair. We know that the Governor of the State threatened to fight the Fair if certain criticism of him in a daily paper was not stopped by a gentlemen prominent in Fair matters. We know that there has been made a great mistake upon the part of people who are either foolish or hostile in "mentioning" Mr. David R. Francis, the leading spirit of the Fair movement, for Mayor of St. Louis in 1901. Nothing more unfortunate could be done in the present situation than this. We know that there is talk among rabid silverites that the Fair is a scheme to bring back into popular favor certain Gold Democrats. To "boom" Governor Francis for a political office must, therefore, strike anyone as something which can only confirm the rural silver political opposition to the Fair project and antagonize local silver sentiment. Furthermore, the Republicans of the city are apt to be driven into hostility to the Fair, if they become suspicious that the Fair is to be a sort of "Trojan horse" in which the Democrats hope to get into the city offices. These being the facts of the case, it is safe to assert that those who are booming Mr. Francis are inimical to him and to the project for which he has done so much.

To the insinuations which have come to this office, anonymously, that the MIRROR is opposed to the Fair,

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there is a sufficient reply. It is to be found in the files of the paper since the subject was broached. This paper has supported the movement from the beginning. It has declared its belief that the Fair could be held and that it would be a good thing for the City and State. To that opinion the MIRROR still holds. But this paper does not believe that the Fair can be held if such mistakes as have been pointed out are to continue. It does not believe that the Fair will ever be an accomplished fact if the people who are interested in the project minimize the difficulties in the way. The Fair will never be held if the people who have turned over the solicitation of funds to "reorganized" committees act as if they had got out from under a big crash. The Fair can only be made a certainty by harder work in the face of harder prospects.

There seems to be a feeling that the people now in charge will have done their duty when they have raised the \$5,000,000, and, back of that, a feeling that it will be difficult to raise that much. There seems to have been an inexcusable delay in getting to work early upon other lines. Nothing is being done to dissipate the idea that there may be gold-bug politics in the Fair. Nothing is being done, on any adequate scale, to predispose a people, naturally opposed to more taxes, to vote a tax in City and State for the purposes of the Fair.

The opponents of the Fair are doing their work quietly, but effectively, among the people who will have the vote. They use political arguments. They say that the people are too much taxed now. They are saying that the city is too hot, that there is no site, that the funds to be made up out of taxation will be spent by political boodlers.

Against all this the friends of the Fair appear to be presenting no argument whatever. They seem not to have known, even, that the howl about extortion on the occasion of the *Nashville's* visit is being used against the Fair project. They are, to all intents and purposes, unaware that something should be done to stop the effect of the lies told all over the West by the cheap Elks, who were entertained here a few weeks ago.

What the MIRROR intends, in its remarks about the Fair, is friendliness to the project. It wishes to impress upon the partisans of the Fair that there is being waged against the scheme a quiet but very aggressive warfare by people who take advantage of every sin of omission or commission upon the part of the Fair projectors. If to state these facts be an act of enmity to the Fair, then the MIRROR is an enemy to the movement. If to ignore these facts and circumstances, until they combine to defeat the Fair project, be wise, then the MIRROR is unwise. If it be an act of traitorous incivism to say the Fair "looks busted" when the thought of a vast number of people in the community is to that effect, and when the appearances justify the thought, the MIRROR accepts responsibility for its utterances. If it be an act of treason to the Fair to tell those who are working for it that they have men in their organization who are privately "knocking" the project, the MIRROR is treasonable.

The Fair cannot be brought into being, however, without reckoning with opposition. It is well "never to underestimate the enemy." It is folly to refuse to see difficulties or to refuse to rectify errors. The mere fact that the Fair "looks busted," to the MIRROR and to other people, should stir those who aim for success to demonstrate the falsity of appearances. There is a fight on against the Fair. The policy of ignoring the fight is a disastrous one. The fight is responsible for difficulty in raising the popular subscription. The makers of the fight will fight harder, after the subscription is raised, to prevent City and State appropriations for the Fair.

Those who say, "if the people want to beat the Fair let them take the odium," seem to take a false view of the matter. The thing to do is to educate the people into friendliness to the Fair, and that thing is not being done. When such a palpably necessary thing is not being done we are justified in suspecting that there is a case of "heart failure" somewhere in the organization that launched the scheme.

The MIRROR has uttered a warning and it reiterates

that warning. It has no apologies to make for trying to save the Fair.

W. M. R.

BLUNDERING EXPANSION.

THE TROUBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WEARY, very weary, are the American people growing of this war in the Philippines. There can be no doubt whatever of that. We don't seem to be getting on against the enemy. There are many victories, but the victories don't seem to win us anything. It begins to dawn upon us that there are some things which we don't do better than all creation. We positively know that, whatever we are doing in the Philippines, we are not establishing good government as rapidly as we had reason to expect. We are finding out that prowess in war is not all that is needed for the pursuit of expansion. We are realizing that rapid expansion and "carrying the blessings of civilization to benighted lands" are best accomplished upon a basis of good and efficient and specially trained public service at home. We are, partially, a failure in expansionism, because we "have no use for" any system of home government which does not provide that the party that wins shall take care of its own "gang." The State and municipal and Congressional bossism and spoilism at home are what hampers us abroad. Bossism and spoilism have given us a too political army. They threaten to give us a lot of political hacks in development of our rule in the Philippine Islands. The anti-expansionists are wrong, but the great majority of the American people feels and knows that the great danger of expansion lies in the chance that our new possessions may be turned over to the sort of men who disgrace government in our big cities. And the President has justified the popular dread of misgoverning and oppressing the natives of our new possessions. He has shown himself in favor of "influence" as against merit, of "pull" in preference to intelligence. The situation in the Philippines is such as to cause the best friends of the administration to worry for the future. The whole world is watching our experiences in the islands, and the intelligent people of the older nations are quick to discover wherein we are insufficient and why we fail to come up to their expectations of our early mastery of the situation in the East. These people see our deficiencies and it cannot hurt us to "see ourselves as others see us," and to the end that we may do so this article is written.

Some criticisms upon the management of the campaign, taken from a London paper, and written, evidently, in the light of British experience, show a seeming justification for the President's so-called "vacillation." It is plain that Americans are too much in a hurry to get through their work. British "empire builders" know the trouble they had in Burmah, in Zululand and elsewhere, and they know that what we need, first of all, is patience. There seems much sense in the remark of a writer in the London *Spectator* to the effect that we are wasting our energies because we have "no traditions" to guide us in our dealings with the natives. "The Americans," this writer says, "are wasting their gigantic strength simply because they are not sure precisely what to be at, or by what means and through what men their ends may be most easily attained. If the British had the work to do, they would have at their disposal, first of all, an endless number of civil servants, no better than Americans, but with fixed ideas derived from experience, with objects narrowly defined, and with a position in regard to soldiers which it has taken more than a century to settle so that both exactly understand their respective functions."

We have made a mistake, too, it seems, in sending to the Philippines, volunteers. Those needed would seem to be the Indian fighters, the veteran regulars, who could "catch on" easily to jungle warfare. The men who fought the Sioux and Apaches would be the men to send after the Filipinos. Our experience with the Indian is the only experience that will avail us, and we appear to have paid no attention to that. One of our great Indian fighters,

General Miles, is at home, criticizing the Administration and giving aid and comfort to a viciously vocal but numerically unimportant Opposition. Another thing which is strange to the casual observer is, that the Americans have, as yet, utilized no native regiments. There are native sympathizers with the Americans and native haters of Aguinaldo, but we do not seem to have availed ourselves of their knowledge to any great extent. Our soldiers are fighting well enough, but they don't seem to get on. They, or their leaders, do not establish posts or forts and, with such places for nuclei, establish a sort of civil administration which would rally to its support all those who want peace. General King's criticisms upon Otis seem to be just, in so far as they intimate that Otis does nothing but fight, and fails to organize things. The Peace Commission does not seem to have done much to establish civil administration, either. The schools are open in Manila, but we have done nothing outside of Manila.

Some of our "arm-chair warriors" are loudly demanding that we send 100,000 men to the islands to crush the insurgents by mere numbers. That is ridiculous. It would be a waste of energy, money and men. Too many troops in this case would be worse than not enough. The folly of the howl for a large army, which President McKinley does well not to heed, is well set forth in this paragraph from the *Spectator*: "You cannot manoeuvre a hundred thousand men in a tropical forest, or feed them, either. Ten thousand regulars, well led, steadily reinforced from home, and aided by five thousand native auxiliaries, will do the work much better, if only it is once understood that the work to be done is not to kill Tagals, or hang Aguinaldo, or provide a reputation for General Otis, but to establish and protect a government in each district occupied, a government intent on restoring order and prosperity." The reference to Otis' reputation will remind many that there is a suspicion that the army is lengthening out the war for the ambitions of some of its leaders. There is no doubt that organization of civil government would be a great aid in pacifying the islands.

There appears to be most trouble because there is no civil policy for the islands. There is no evidence that the peaceable natives are being assured protection. It is said we want peace first, but there is no provision to direct and mold and protect the natives who want peace. They can't all throng into Manila, for General Otis himself says that city is overcrowded. It is likely that if there were a few foci of United States authority, a great many Filipinos, tired of war, would gather around them and devote themselves to peace. Among such, a native police might be organized and the better class might be attached to the American purposes through arrangements easily made. The establishment of communities under American laws cannot better be inaugurated than in the way suggested. As it is, the Filipinos know nothing of the Americans but the army.

The greatest defect of our Philippine policy, thus far, is that there has been no reinforcement of the army by a class of men trained in civil organization. If it were England that had gone into the Philippines the army would have been accompanied by trained men from the civil service lists, men who understood governmental detail, men who had studied oriental character and how to approach the oriental mind, and, as soon as the army had taken a place, these civilians would set up there a governmental machine which would operate intelligently from the beginning. There would be established immediately a smoothly working government. The importance of this, England has learned by long experience. If, after feeling the force of our arms the Filipinos and Tagals could settle down to a sort of embryo civilization in little communities, with our flag as a center, and those little communities were decently governed and leniently taxed, we should find that they would make, in a short time, fairly decent citizens. As the *Spectator* says: "Black men do it even in Africa, and the Philippine islanders have far more wish to lead comfortable lives than Africans. It is by good administration, supported by force, and not by force alone, that the Philippines must be pacified and changed into semi-civilized lands, in which,

though the people are half-savage, external order is complete, and the means of becoming prosperous are in all men's hands."

The gist of it all is, that we are not possessed of any service we can utilize in the manner suggested. If there were a civilian supply of talent that could be applied to the situation, as there is a supply of ability to call on for naval purposes, our progress in the Philippines would be more rapid.

It is not the fault of the present Administration, of course, that we have no such service, but we may well believe that the present Administration does not desire we shall have such a service in the future, judging by the President's attack upon the civil service merit system. The President would not call for "volunteers to manage cruisers or battle-ships," but he would call to the Government's support in the organization of civil rule in the Philippines a lot of "ward-workers," men of influence, "heelers," sons of fathers, men ignorant, a year ago, of the fact that the Philippines existed. At the very time when the country needs a civil service based upon intelligent fitness, the President strikes at it the worst blow that the reform has ever received. The President has made a long backward step in this matter, a step backward to the system which assures us only ineptitude in administration. The volunteers and politically appointed officers in the Philippines seem to be fighting in a manner which wears them out while not hurting the enemy. It would be easier to suppress the revolt by veterans. The state of the army represents our national disregard of the question of competency in the public service. From what we know of the campaign, thus far, we may judge how the world will regard us if we follow up the mistakes of inexperienced officers, in suppressing the revolt, with the appointment of civil servants, ignorant of the first principles of government of strange peoples.

The prospects in the Philippines are not brilliant, by any means. With the recent unblanketing of the civil service in mind, we can look forward to nothing but trouble. Incompetent civil officials will keep the natives stirred up and may protract the revolt for years. It may be said that we can apply the army men to the organization of government as we have done with much success in Cuba and Porto Rico, but the complaint from the Philippines is that there is a lack of just the sort of ability in the army men there which we have heard so much praised in the men who are organizing government in the West Indies. The President has blundered fatally in the civil service matter and has nullified much of the glory he gained by the war. To expand and take in new territory and at the same time to change the laws so that there shall be little chance honestly and capably to govern that territory, is foolishness. To proclaim good government for the Filipinos in one voice and then to signify in another voice the disbelief in fitness as a test for civil office is something that makes the President positively absurd. We have not only "no traditions" of splendid civil service to help us in establishing order in the Philippines, but the President is determined that we shall have none. He "denies the value of experience" in office, and, doing so, he commits himself to a policy which threatens to protract war and to delay the settlement of society into decency and order in the Philippines.

W. M. R.

THE BIG BOOM IN LEAD.

—
CHANCES FOR FORTUNE IN MISSOURI.
—

THE prevailing high prices for lead have aroused considerable interest regarding the various properties which are the largest producers within the State of Missouri. It is well-known that the most valuable deposits of lead ore can be found in St. Francois County and a few other sections of southeastern Missouri, where the St. Joseph Lead Co., the Central Lead Co., the Columbia Lead Co., and the Desloge Lead Co., also the National Lead Co., own valuable tracts of mineral land. Southeastern Missouri may be said to produce lead almost exclusive-

ly, while the Joplin and Webb City districts produce lead and zinc on an equally extensive scale.

The rapid rise in the value of lead (and zinc) during the past twelve months has induced capitalists to make large investments in lead properties, and, in order to reduce competition and enhance profits, there have been various consolidations of properties, Boston interests being especially prominent in the movement. It is expected that there will be further combinations in the near future and that this particular mining industry will be materially benefited thereby. There has been a little depreciation in the price of lead ore in the past two weeks, on account of the smelter troubles, but it is believed that a compromise will soon be effected and that prices will go higher than ever. The consumption of lead is steadily increasing, and it is proved statistically that the production in Europe is decreasing. The United States did not export any lead or zinc, to any important extent, up to about a year ago, but there have been considerable shipments lately, European demand having become rather urgent. The lead mining industry undoubtedly has a great future, and some of the most far-sighted and shrewdest business men and investors are embarking in it.

It may be pertinent to give some facts regarding the better known companies. The Central Lead Co. was incorporated in 1874, in Missouri; the capital stock, which was \$150,000 at first, is now \$1,000,000, of the par value of \$100. Dividends of 13 per cent have been paid on the stock from June, 1897, to July, 1898,—13 months. The last dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent was paid in May, 1899; the stock is now quoted at 94 bid, 100 asked. The property of the company consists of 1,600 acres of land, located in St. Francois Co., mill, smelters, etc., etc.

The Columbia Lead Company was incorporated in December, 1897; the capital stock is \$50,000, of the par value of \$10 per share; the company owns 728 acres in the Flat River Lead district, thoroughly prospected with diamond drills. The general offices of the company are located in St. Louis. The stock is quoted at \$5 bid, \$8 asked.

The Desloge Consolidated Lead Company was incorporated in Missouri in 1890, with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000, of the par value of \$10. Of this amount \$300,000 is held as treasury stock. The company owns 2,300 acres of lead-mining land in the Flat River district, St. Francois Co., developed and improved with a first-class and substantial mining plant, embracing a concentrating mill of 600 tons capacity, shafts fully equipped, three miles standard gauge railroad and houses for the accommodation of 500 men. The offices of the company are located in St. Louis.

The St. Joseph Lead Company has a capital of \$2,500,000, of the par value of \$10, the stock paying 6 per cent per annum, the last dividend having been paid in March, 1899, at the rate of 1½ per cent quarterly. The stock is quoted at \$15 bid, \$15.50 asked, and well held by prominent people.

The National Lead Company bought mineral land in St. Francois Co. last year and is said to contemplate further purchases. The company is well known as the "Lead Trust," and has a capital of \$14,905,400 common and \$14,904,000 preferred stock. The preferred stock has been paying 7 per cent per annum since 1892, and is quoted at about \$113, while the common paid 2 per cent in 1893 and 1894, 1 per cent in 1895, 1 per cent in 1896 and 1 per cent in March, 1899. Its present market value is about \$30 per share.

The Southwestern lead and zinc fields are only just coming into prominence. Hundreds of St. Louis men have been interested in the new territory of late, and some of them have already pulled out fortunes. Mr. James Campbell is said to have found a mint in his investments in the Joplin region. A number of St. Louis capitalists are now negotiating for the construction of a railroad from the Frisco line into the lead region of Arkansas, which is a continuation of the lead deposit in the Joplin, Carthage and Webb City district. Prospecting is being pursued on a large

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scale, and transfers of lead-land are quite numerous. The lead and zinc business of this Southwestern territory has no yet taken on the stock company aspect, with the usual deals, but the indications are that the public will soon be let in. A great deal of St. Louis money is pouring into the Southwest region in small companies, and prospectors dot every farm below Joplin and in Arkansas just across the line. The making of a large lead and zinc boom is in progress and the public is bound to learn something valuable about the possibilities of making a fortune out of investment in this State. The Frisco railroad has made arrangements to assist generously in developing this new field of industry and extracting its almost immeasurable wealth.

The recent activity in the Joplin district has had the effect of making inquiry for the stocks of the companies in the Southeastern district, where the mines were worked more than a century ago, where they have been yielding fabulous sums per year for over fifty years. The public had practically forgotten all about this field, until the Joplin boom began.

REFLECTIONS.

Joe Wheeler.

THE departure of General Joseph Wheeler for Manila is not less important in a political than in a military sense. To a great extent the President's selection of the Alabamian puts a gag upon the vociferous Southerners who have been denouncing our "invasion" of the Philippines. It strengthens the kindly feeling of the South for the President. Coming after the Chief Executive's tender allusions to the possibility of the Nation caring for the Confederate dead, it declares that he is inclined to do something to bring the living ex-Confederate into closer touch with the life of the Nation. Wheeler is an idol, now, of the North as of the South. With all his Southern impetuosity and soldierly brusqueness, General Wheeler is a level-headed man, as shown in the way in which he has kept himself out of all the war-scandals. He not only distinguished himself in the war with Cuba, but he has distinguished himself in the calm following that campaign, by saying nothing. He has evaded every opportunity to play the hero. The general public has confidence in him. The present Administration has confidence in him and that, too, without the confidence implying, in the least, the General's adeptness in sycophantic intrigue. The honors bestowed upon General Wheeler are honors he has won, but they lose none of their effect, for that reason, in healing the breach between the sections that were at war thirty-four years ago. The strength of Wheeler's position in the hearts of his countrymen was shown when the effort of Mr. Bailey, of Texas, to have "General Joe's" seat in Congress declared vacant, because he held a commission in the army, was overwhelmingly defeated, although Mr. Bailey's principle in the matter was one which there was no disputing. The whole country rejoiced at the failure of Mr. Bailey's effort, and the whole country now rejoices over the thought that Wheeler will duplicate the glorious deeds of Dewey in the Philippines. The popular regard for Wheeler is deflected, somewhat, to President McKinley, for the latter's pointed attempt to wipe out sectionalism. The sending of General Wheeler to Manila is of such significance that, despite Mr. Hanna's assertion that the next Presidential ticket will be McKinley and Hobart, there are far-seeing politicians who think that "Joe" Wheeler may be the Republican nominee for Vice-President.

* * *

What of Lee?

THE manner in which General Wheeler has come to stand as representative of the South causes the reflection that the man who, at the beginning of the war, was expected to shed luster on that section, has dropped into an almost impenetrable obscurity. No one hears anything about Fitzhugh Lee, who fairly divided popular honors with the President one year ago. Lee was supposed to be the coming man. He has not "arrived." Perhaps he had no opportunity. His eclipse has been truly surprising to those who prophesied that he would come out of the war

as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. He did nothing, so far as the public is aware, to justify the sudden dropping of his name from public notice, but there seems to have been something in the development of army affairs in Cuba which did not demonstrate the sufficiency of the Virginian. He "fell down" somewhere.

* * *

Mr. Hogg.

THAT individual of Texas, whose name, as indicative of his manners and methods, is an onomatopoeic inspiration, is enjoying much *kudos* because of an act of monumental ungentlemanliness on the Fourth of July. He attended the Tammany celebration, agreeing, if called upon to speak, not to make reference to Mr. Bryan or the Chicago platform. He deliberately broke that promise. In doing so he demonstrated that there was a strong Bryan feeling in the organization. This was quite generally known, without Mr. Hogg's trick. Mr. Hogg was the guest of Tammany and as such a guest he should have respected the wishes, even the prejudices, of his host. If Tammany be so outlawed as to absolve one of all necessity to keep faith with the order, then Hogg should not have associated with it. The cause with which Hogg has identified himself would have been more benefited if he had adhered to the rules of the celebration. But Hogg isn't an ideal gentleman. He's just Hogg, a blustering, beefy, bulldozing, big-bellied demagogue, and a fellow who is proud that he "eats with his knife." The fellow who delights in his ability to get down to the level of the crowd generally gets beneath it. This Hogg has done in this case. This Hogg did before, when he was the first to send his State banner to participate in the walk-around about the Nebraska delegation after Bryan's great speech in the Chicago convention, though he was pledged to Bland. He broke faith with Bland as he has done with Tammany. What he has done he will do again. He will betray Bryan if he gets a chance, for it is almost certain that Mr. Bryan can never be blatherskite enough to prevent Hogg out-blatherskiting him, to catch the mob.

* * *

Bachelor Apartments.

Ladies' lingerie having been worn to a frazzle by irreverent literary handling in the Sunday journalistic shrieks, a new horror has been invented by the ingenious idiots who eat hasheesh for supper in order to dream-out "features" for "magazine sections" which "the public will like." This atrocity is the photographic reproduction and rapturous description of bachelors' apartments. We are favored with a view of the exquisite room in which Mr. Joe Hirsh "feeds his face" or the downy bed in which Mr. Ben Hillman rests his lithe and limber form. This is too, too much. Where shall the invasion of bachelor privacy be stopped? Shall we, eftsoon, be treated to accurate drawings of the pajamas of our wealthy, unmarried young men? Shall we be told how many holes there were in the socks of the youth who led the last German? Maybe we shall be regaled shortly with the name of the soap our Adonises use or the brand of baby-powder with which they besprinkle themselves. There is no limit to modern journalistic enterprise, but there must be to the patience of the public. The bachelor apartment, anyhow, how elegant soever it may be, is only Barmecidal beauty. The main thing in "deliciously" furnished apartments is lacking, if there be no woman about. The bachelor who puts frills on his apartments evidently needs a wife. His frilling is the unconscious expression of his yearning. Therefore, to picture his apartments is to advertise his want. To advertise such a want is to intimate that the bachelor can't get a girl and is a bachelor by some other person's choice. On the other hand, no man has a right to have such comfort and luxury as modern bachelor apartments show, and the publishers should not spread broadcast the idea that such things can be. It discourages matrimony. The bachelor apartment feature of the Sunday paper is inelegant, cruel, and of Malthusian tendency. It is, I may say, immoral. The bachelor habit should be discouraged by the press. It is absurd to advertise "the exquisite taste" of young men

who haven't got taste enough to get married. And newspaper enterprise along this line had better stop right here, lest, in the near future, it proceed to tell us that Mr. "Joe" Hirsh wears rose-petal pink silk undergarments, or that Mr. Ben Hillman rolls in rose-leaves, every morning, after his bath in goat's milk, and, mayhap, print their pictures in proof of the assertions. Sunday journalism should not pursue Messrs. Hillman and Hirsh, and other exquisites, local or otherwise, into the last citadel of privacy. Such persecution is too great a penalty to put upon young men who cannot help being beautiful and will not stop being bachelors.

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Dreyfus and Emperor William.

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN has set foot upon a French ship and the world revolves just the same. France seems to be dazed by the occurrence, so dazed that she cannot scream for *revanche*, so dazed that she forgets the lost provinces. The changed attitude of France towards Dreyfus is probably responsible for the German Emperor's show of friendship. The great hatred of Dreyfus was almost as much because of a belief that he had sold military secrets to Germany as because he was a Jew. Now that the Government of France is getting over its German-hating and Jew-baiting, and now that the army, which profits by fomenting hate of Germans, has been shown to be dishonorable and financially corrupt, the Kaiser takes steps for a *rapprochement* between Germany and France. He does it as timely as cleverly, to show that Germany bears no ill-will. His action is undoubtedly intended as a hint of encouragement to Loubet to go ahead with his work of purifying the army. The revelations of the tortures of Dreyfus come out as the government tightens its grasp on the situation, and so the popular opinion of France is being turned against the army scoundrels who, while unjustly condemning a man for treason, are known to have conspired against the republic. The rehabilitation of Dreyfus and the disgrace of the army are working for peace in Paris and France, and peace in France means peace in Europe. The German Emperor, showing his friendship, helps the Republic. William Hohenzollern is sometimes freakish in his restlessness, but there have been many worse than he on the throne he occupies. The drawing together of France and Germany is good politics and good business. When we laugh at William's occasional antics we must make allowance for the straits to which he is put to relieve his imperial ennui, and when he does anything outlandishly startling in theatrical effect it will not hurt us to remember, in charity, that William did very much to save Dreyfus. If Dreyfus and his sufferings be the means toward a cessation of bitter feeling between Germany and France then those sufferings have not been in vain.

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Church and Society.

A FOOL preacher is the most stupendously stultiferous of all fool persons. He is exemplified once again in the clergyman in New York who calls upon Society to frown upon questionable divorce. This is delicious. The Church admitting its inability to cope with a question and calling in silly Society to inaugurate a reform in morals. Hell-fire and damnation hasn't stopped divorce. What a wise steeple-sharp, who has conceived the idea that exclusion of folks from high Society is a more fearful punishment than an eternity in Hell! We must conclude that a preacher holding such views would rather be in Hell than out of Society. What new religion is this, which says this or that thing is forbidden, not because it is wrong, but because it is "bad form," or is not approved by the "swell set?" Don't be afraid of offending God; certainly not. But don't do anything that will cause Mrs. Van Swiller or the Awphul-Snobbs to turn up their noses at you. The Church is nothing but a social convention, anyhow. It has thundered against divorce until it has grown tired. Society must take up the reform. The Church can do nothing, if Society doesn't first set its seal upon the movement. The Ten Commandments, the Eight Beatitudes, the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy, and all the rest of it,

are nothing, except in so far as Society gives them a sort of supercilious recognition. Of course, if Society gets an idea into its noddle that the violation of the seventh commandment, as flaunted in recent divorce cases among the Four Hundred, is merely a peccadillo, to be looked upon about as seriously as a penchant for "fizz," the Church will "come around," and wipe the obnoxious prohibition off the slate. Society will have nothing in the Church that will offend its sensibilities—not even religion. The Church hates to let go of some old traditions and customs, of course. Therefore it pleads with Society to try and work up a sentiment in accord with the old traditions and customs. It is pathetic. Society has progressed beyond the Church. The Church recognizes Society's right to dictate the kind of religion it will have. Society pays for the religion, and it has a right to select from samples or to have the goods made to its own order. This is eminently modern. The Church is advancing. It has no dogma. It will not dogmatize until it finds out how Society wants its dogma, hot, cold or strained. It realizes that the Church can do nothing without the approval of Society, and so the pastor pleads with Society not to leave the Church to fight the Adversary alone. The Church is but the tool of Society, now. Of yore the Church molded Society and impressed it to the Church's will. But, to-day, if Society approves what God forbids, the latter must take a back seat in the Church or be thrown out of the window. Great is Society. I am very sorry I've forgotten the name of the clerical "gent" whose massive mind has elaborated the substitution of social, temporal for divine, eternal penalty as a deterrent of immorality. He deserves immortality as the founder of a new religious theory. He and Balaam's ass are the two most unique religious characters in history.

* *

Germanized Catholicism.

THE case of Michael J. Walsh is interesting as pointing once more an age-old moral. Mr. Walsh is the leader of the parishioners of St. Patrick's church, of East St. Louis, Illinois, in their fight against the German Catholic Bishop of Belleville, because that prelate assigned a German priest to administer the affairs spiritual and, to a certain extent temporal, of an Irish-American congregation. Mr. Walsh is a man of intelligence and of a certain assured position in his community because of his good character. His standing among his co-religionists, due to his piety and his devotion to Catholic interests, was shown by his election to the post of supreme president of the Catholic Knights of Illinois. On Saturday last, he was deposed from this place of honor, by the trustees of that order, for no other reason than that he led the opposition to the appointment of a German pastor to an Irish parish. The trustees who deposed him are all Germans, to judge by their names. They accused him, and convicted him, without semblance of a trial, of "conduct unbecoming a Catholic," in preventing people from attending the sacrifice of the mass. The incident shows the fate of the Catholic who thinks for himself. It is the first step in putting upon him a religious taboo. The trustees of the order deposed Mr. Walsh, because, if they did not, the church would condemn the order and all its members rendering him fealty. That the trustees are Germans or German sympathizers, and that they, by their action, seem to assert only their greater devotion to the church, but serve to demonstrate that the Irish-American opponents of the bishop are in danger of classification, eventually, with heretics and schismatics. Because Mr. Walsh dared maintain that a Catholic congregation had any right to say who should be its pastor he is humiliated. The members of the order who voted for Mr. Walsh were not consulted as to his deposition. Their selection was overruled and overturned simply because he dared believe that the people who have to support a pastor should have some choice as to the man they should support. He is condemned for "Americanism" by a board of Germans, that board being rankly sympathetic with the German bishop who wants to install a German priest over an Irish congregation. It is almost unnecessary to point out the unfairness of the proceeding, or how Mr. Walsh is the victim not only of

prejudice but of a snap judgment. The German element in the Belleville diocese has secured a practical repudiation of Mr. Walsh by an order which contains as many sympathizers with Mr. Walsh as sympathizers with the bishop. He is the victim of an amateur excommunication and put, to a certain extent, "without the pale." This public repudiation of Mr. Walsh is designed to cut him off from his kind. If he cannot belong to a Catholic order of laymen because he differs with his bishop, then those who sympathize with him are in danger of deprivation of the material benefits of the order, and, carried to the logical conclusion, Mr. Walsh and his fellow-parishioners of St. Patrick's church are to be deprived of Catholic rites, and may be allowed to die in sin and go to Tophet, although they believe in every fundamental article of faith. This, eventually, will crush the protestors of St. Patrick's. They are brought to the alternative of damnation or a German bishop, and they must take the German bishop. The parishioners of St. Patrick's are bound to lose. They are certain to be crushed into compliance in the bishop's action. They are being brought to the issue whether they are Catholics. The dominant Catholicism in their diocese is German, just at present. They have got to take their religion with a tincture of Teutonism, or else they are barred from the fold. They will take it. Ostracism here and damnation hereafter will frighten them into submission. The individual Catholic has no show, fighting the constituted authorities of the church. He must either surrender or leave the church, and in leaving the church he goes into exile from his family and friends. No Catholic has a right to think differently than his bishop on any church matter. He has no duty but to obey, even if a negro priest be put over him. He is not a free agent. The bishop thinks for him, and no matter how pure his life may be or how exalted his motives, his disfavor with his ecclesiastical superior eventually operates to separate him from those who originally supported his actions which cause the disfavor. The parishioners of St. Patrick's are mistaken in thinking they can apply American ideas to their parish affairs. The only ideas tolerated are Catholic ideas and those pass through a German medium and are colored thereby. A priest is a priest, no matter what his nationality, and his exclusively sacerdotal functions are not in any way nationalized. He may be distasteful socially or racially, but the people of the parish to which he is sent must accept him. Only Germans are allowed to have priests of their own nationality, schools for the teaching of the German language, sermons in the German tongue. Where they have not a German archbishop or bishop, they have a German vicar-general. The Germans maintain in their Catholicism racial solidarity which is so dense that no Americanism can penetrate it, not even the "American" language. They are solid enough to force the Pope into a seeming condemnation of Archbishop Ireland for that prelate's insistence that the Church in America should be American and not tainted with the political ideas of Germany or Belgium. The result is that there is a growing antagonism between German and other Catholics, in America. All the liberals are revolted against the idea that Catholicism generally shall be as exclusive as German Catholicism; that the militaristic, intolerant spirit of European Catholicism shall prevail here. Americans find the Church being dominated by German rather than Catholic ideas. Protest against this is answered by excommunication, qualified or complete. The Church is becoming more German than Roman, and more antagonistic to Americanism in all its phases. The German idea of Catholicism prevails more and more and it does so by misrepresenting Americanism at Rome. There is but one escape from this, for those who see the drift of the church into a foreign servitude. That is to leave the church. But the church claims all power in heaven and on earth and Catholics admit that, and so they accept Rome's dicta, though colored through German influence. Leaders may have followers for a time, but only for a time. Fear of damnation will pull the followers back into the Church and eventually turn them into haters of those who led them. The individual Catholic must be "as a corpse in the hands of his superiors," else he is not a Catholic at

all. There is no reform in the church. The reformer must follow Luther, or abandon reform. The Church's law is submission and submission and again submission. The American idea of the right of an individual to a voice in the government has no place in the church. The Catholics "on top" in America appear to be those who adhere to a foreign tradition which establishes a bishop as a satrap, to differ with whom is, not only mortal sin, but *majestatsbeleidigung*. Mr. Walsh, of East St. Louis, is guilty of disrespect of the Germanic idea and is punished for it, though he accepts every dogma of the church.

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Odorous.

SO John R. McLean is likely to be nominated by the Democrats for Governor of Ohio. Mr. McLean publishes the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the most vicious and vulgar sheet in the United States, printed, pasted and folded sewage. He has a barrel of money. He made it in debauching public taste and morals in Ohio through his putrescent paper, which makes a specialty of rapes, seductions, murders, liaisons, etc. McLean has been "on the inside" in both political parties, getting influence and "grat" from each. At one time, if not now, he owned both the *Enquirer* and the *Commercial*, running one as a Democratic the other as a Republican sheet. His papers have made Cincinnati the chief "flash town" of the country. They have spoken for the town in the argot of the low variety dive, the race-track and the saloon. Decent Democrats in Ohio will have to hold their noses at the polls, should McLean be nominated. If the Democrats of New York should nominate Richard K. Fox, they would about "tie" the proposed Ohio nomination.

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A Clean Man.

ROBERT BONNER, who died the other day, was not a great man, but he had claims upon remembrance in qualities which were rare, though simple. He was a clean man. He provided amusement for the public without catering to popular vulgarity. He inaugurated a regime of princely pay for literature, and he touched no literature that was not pure. He did more than any other American for the American thoroughbred horse and showed that a love of horses and of races was not incompatible with decency. He was a millionaire of marked modesty in his personal bearing and he did much charity without any ostentation. The *Ledger* was a great influence working for the dissemination of true culture, under his management. We are accustomed to look back upon the palmy days of that paper with an amused contempt as having had something puerile about its literary pretensions, but the fact is, that the *Ledger* brought to the public mind men and matter that were instructive and entertaining and devoted, in the main, to moral uplift, though we may, in retrospect, deem the whole *Ledger* scheme to have been namby-pamby. Mr. Bonner helped, by paying for their work, writers like Horace Greeley, James Parton, Edward Everett, John G. Saxe, Nathaniel P. Willis, Henry Ward Beecher, "Fanny Fern" and others. Putting such men and women in touch with hundreds of thousands of people was, indeed, educative work and for that work the country must be ever grateful. Bonner gave literature in America a public, and that he made a fortune out of it does not detract from the value of the service.

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Prig and Pig.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has entered suit against Mr. Elbert Hubbard, of the Roycroft shop, for printing some of his poems under a title Mr. Kipling does not like. Mr. Kipling may or may not be technically right, but he is ungrateful in his conduct. Were it not for what Mr. Kipling calls "pirating" he had been practically unknown. The men who copied his work are the men who made his fame. The constant appearance of his verse and prose in the papers was due to the exchange editor with his paste-pot and shears. This reproduction of his work in fragments made a demand for the completed volumes as they came out, and every clipping, with due credit, was an advertisement of him that was worth more per line than he

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receives per line for his work even now. Mr. Kipling may not be aware of the fact, but every paper or person that clipped from him, and that he seems to think robbed him, in reality put money in his purse. He never thought of complaining until he became strong enough to organize himself into a syndicate. He became strong on the strength of the, perhaps, unwarranted reproduction of his work. Of the merits of this particular case against Mr. Hubbard, I know nothing, but it is safe to assert that Mr. Hubbard's publication has sold as many books for Mr. Kipling as there were sold of the "Dipsy Chanty," to which Mr. Kipling objects. In law, perhaps, Mr. Hubbard may be mulcted, but in fact, I think Mr. Kipling owes Mr. Hubbard money. All this, however, may be apart from the question of upholding the sanctity of copyright. I am not a believer in the deliberate theft of a writer's brain and hand work, but the publication of some pieces, evidently designed ulteriorly to create a wider demand for the general body of work whence selection has been made, cannot be considered as such a heinous offense. Mr. Kipling may be technically right, as I have said before, but he does not see the matter steadily and whole, or he would see that in some of his suits he is putting himself in the attitude of a grasping ingrate. No one more admires the genius of Mr. Kipling than I do, and no one more admires his sturdy personality and gruff peculiarities, but there is ground for believing, from some new phases of his disposition as revealed to us of late, that in addition to being somewhat of a prig he is a great deal of a pig.

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Mr. Alger Again

MR. RUSSELL A. ALGER, now denies that he is in alliance with "Potato" Pingree, after, practically, admitting such an alliance. Mr. Alger, one of the organizers of the Diamond Match Trust, is now a trust-buster. Mr. Alger is as incompetent a politician as he is an official. He has tied himself in a hard knot by his recent antics; is with Pingree and against him, supports the President and allies himself with those who oppose the President. There is surely something the matter with the inside of Mr. Alger's head. Blundering marks his entire career since he got into politics, while his experience in two wars has been matter for ribald jest. And to think that at one time this man Alger was seriously considered a Presidential possibility! It's enough to freeze the blood.

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Brave Mr. Smith.

MR. MILTON H. SMITH is the President of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Mr. Smith openly supported for the Democratic nomination in Kentucky that flatulent freak, P. Wat Hardin, who is the rankest silverite in the State. Mr. Smith has put up most of the money, or his corporation has, to keep alive the Louisville *Dispatch*, the greatest Kentucky silverite paper. Mr. Smith, now that P. Wat Hardin has been defeated for the nomination, is making open war upon the Democratic nominee, Mr. Goebel. Mr. Smith comes out in an open letter and admits that he is fighting Goebel. He intimates rather broadly that Goebel is hostile to business interests because that hostility pays Mr. Goebel, and he declares that the Louisville and Nashville road will stay in politics as long as politics are made to interfere with the interests of that corporation. His letter, in which he makes this admission, is a document that is most admirable. It is splendidly courageous. It would be well if most railroad presidents would go into politics after Mr. Smith's fashion, so far as the letter is concerned, instead of doing their work surreptitiously. Mr. Smith is doing the manly thing—admitting that he fights for his own hand and for his company, and showing that he will not stand for political blackmail. It takes great nerve openly to fight a party nominee from a railroad office, but, when the fight is made as Mr. Smith makes it, the people will sympathize with it. Mr. Smith may be Machiavellian in his corporation support of the silver wind-bag Hardin, but he knows his business. If the Louisville and Nashville corporation can use the silver cranks to defeat Goebel it is doing a good thing for itself

and, incidentally, for the State. Its support killed Hardin; now it will use the Hardin bolt to kill Goebel and possibly elect a sound money United States Senator. Mr. Smith is a remarkable man for a railroad president. He has audacity that is superb. He is not afraid to stand up for his company's rights and to protect it from the political sandbaggers of Kentucky. He is not afraid to use one enemy to destroy another, and he doesn't apologize for being a railroad president. He is an example for all railroad men to imitate. The railroads are held up because their officers are afraid to come out and make a plea for decent treatment or attack the fellows who attack them. A little more courage would save the railroads a great deal of money. The President of the Louisville and Nashville is a big man. Fate could not conceal him by naming him Smith.

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A Wicked Partner.

OUR difficulty with Canada should be sufficient to induce the advocates of an Anglo-American alliance to cease their babble. Great Britain may be our "friend," but Great Britain expects to make something out of that friendship. She expects us, for that purely phantasmagoric friendship, of which we have heard nothing, except British claims to have saved us from a European alliance against us, to give up rights that would cripple our interests in Alaska. Great Britain, however, seems rather more inclined to heed the United States' contention than is Canada. That is to say, Great Britain seems to advise Canada to accept the United States' propositions, but Canada will not do so. It need not be pointed out that this is a very convenient arrangement for our "great and good friend." Great Britain loves us much, would do anything for us, and all that sort of thing, but Canada is "the wicked partner." Now, as of old, it is well for us always to "fear the Greeks bearing gifts."

* * *

Ruskin and Millais.

IN a recently published book by William Rosetti, concerning the author's brother, Ruskin, Ford Madox Brown, and others of the pre-Raphaelites, there is, naturally, some comment upon Ruskin and Millais, one incident in whose careers makes a romance of art and criticism. A reviewer of the book recently said that "Ruskin never could see any merit in the work of Millais after their personal quarrel." This statement has drawn out a letter from W. J. Stillman, in which, speaking with the authority of one knowing Ruskin well, he denies that Ruskin ever quarreled with Millais, and intimates that the quarrel came from the other side. The "known fact" in the matter, according to Mr. Stillman, is this: "Ruskin invited Millais to come and pass the summer with them in Scotland, and Millais and Mrs. Ruskin fell in love with each other, and she applied for a divorce to be free to marry Millais. Ruskin, in spite of the insistence of his father, refused to oppose the suit, and he was so far from quarreling with Millais that he wrote him expressing the desire that their personal relations should not be changed by the affair. I have repeatedly talked with Ruskin on the subject, and he always expressed the utmost consideration for Millais, and he said to me that the only regret he had for the occurrence was that Mrs. Millais had ruined a great artist." If Ruskin's opinion of Millais' art changed after the occurrence referred to, Mr. Stillman says that it was because Millais changed the character of his work to such an extent that the pre-Raphaelites regarded him as a renegade. Ruskin said the change was due "to the urgency to increase his income under Mrs. Millais' influence, which led him to paint for money." Ruskin never, after the changed manner, commented upon Millais "on account of the inevitably false interpretation which Ruskin's enemies would have given it." It seems, though, from Mr. Stillman's letter, that however kindly he felt for Millais, Ruskin thought poorly of Mrs. Millais, as his opinion quoted above, that she spoiled a great painter, would conclusively prove. If Millais knew that Ruskin held such an opinion there need be no further doubt as to the origin of the rupture of their relations. But,

if another explanation were needed it is not far to seek. Ruskin had been Millais' friend, had almost "made him." Millais alienated the affections of Mrs. Ruskin. Millais had the best reason in the world to hate Ruskin. He had done Ruskin a wrong. He had the best reason in the world to break away from the pre-Raphaelite school, for he wanted to get out of the category of painters whose fame had been made by Ruskin. Millais did not want to owe his fame as well as his wife to the generosity of Ruskin. Whether or not Ruskin said that Millais' wife was responsible for the deterioration of Millais' art, that deterioration is a fact known of all men. Millais became commercialized. Mrs. Millais, however, was never blamed for it by anyone but the pre-Raphaelites. It must be said that she made the painter a noble wife, that she never seemed to regret the "swap," that Millais and she were devoted lovers all their days and that the last boon he craved, his wife's recognition by Queen Victoria, who puts the taboo upon divorced women, having been granted, he died in peace.

* * *

The Scott Murder.

THE murder of William Poston Scott, in this city, by a highwayman, on the night of July 4, is still a mystery. It is a matter of grave public concern, not only because the victim was a gentleman of an old family, social position and a thoroughly lovable disposition, but because the crime shows how unprotected, in a police way, are residence sections of St. Louis. The police have been suppressing the news of burglaries and garrotings, but they could not suppress this murder, and the horror of it is that it makes so evident the fact that such a fate as Mr. Scott's is possible to any one out after nightfall in any part of the city out of the business center. The tragedy shows that the city has not sufficient police. It is a warning that the members of the Municipal Assembly had better provide the money necessary to the appointment of the additional men provided by the bill passed in the late Legislature. The bill was a low, political scheme, to be sure, but citizens want protection from highwaymen and thugs and they are not particular whether the men who protect them are Democrats or Republicans of the machine order. We should have the police and have them at once. The Republicans in the Municipal Assembly are not justified in withholding compliance with the State law because they think the democratic machine is strengthened by that law, when this opposition means vast territory unpoliced and the lives of citizens endangered and sacrificed as was Mr. Scott's. There has been entirely too much killing in this city within the last two months, to say nothing of the revel of robbery, burglary and minor crime. We must have the additional policemen by all means. And this much having been said, I may say that it would be well for those in authority to return to the old system of police work in this city whereby men known to be criminals were forced to leave the city under fear of going to the workhouse. It is a matter of common gossip, in certain quarters of this city, that certain politicians close to the Administration are able to "protect" notorious thieves and desperadoes from arrest. Friends of criminals are believed to have a "pull" with the police authorities. They go to the police and with tongue in cheek "guarantee" that certain "good people" will do nothing while in town. The police do not arrest the "good people" upon their appearance and the result is that a good job of crooked work is "turned" and the crooks are out of town before the police are notified. This was the best policed city in the United States when "Larry" Harrigan and Anton Huebler pursued the policy of "pinching" every crook every time he appeared, and supplemented that policy with another which recognized no "pull" in behalf of anyone who preyed upon society. From all accounts the city is more "wide open," now, and this is one of the places in which it is least difficult to get away with a crooked job. Of course, if the "pull" is to be powerful we shall not be any better off than we are, with double the present number of police, but I believe that the recent crimes have aroused public sentiment to such a stage that not even the peculiar

The Mirror.

people who have a hold on Governor Stephens will exasperate that sentiment further by coercing the police into ignoring the presence of men who do not hesitate at murder in the pursuit of other specialties in crime. Let us have all the police the law calls for, and let us have the force relieved of all its, at present, useful members. Mr. Harry Hawes is the head of the police force. He is a young man of brains, of honorable antecedents and associations, with a gentleman's antipathy to crime and criminals. In reorganizing the force he will have an opportunity to get rid of the corrupt members who "protect" the criminal friends of the "gang" and to appoint men who may be politicians, but not allies of thieves. He has a chance to win the good-will of the community. The Republicans, similarly, can win approval by furthering the increase of the police force. Failure to do so endangers human life, and human life is more important than the enforcement of a "divvy" of appointments by the Democratic police board.

* * *

The Kissing Bug.

SHORTLY after the death of General Grant there was an epidemic of cases of cancer similar to that which carried off the hero of Appomattox. A few years since no man could consider himself a citizen until he had had appendicitis. Paresis at one time was as fashionable among actors as divorce and lost diamonds and hotel-rejected dogs with actresses. Now no one is considered worthy of public attention or private respect, who has not been bitten by the kissing bug. The man who invented the kissing bug should have a monument at once. It should be built on contributions by the reporters of the land. In old days when boys and girls waked up with a swollen lip as the result of a mosquito sting there was not such a craze of publicity, and the matter did not find its way into the papers. Similarly, when some toper, through much excess in drinking, incurred a large and bulbous oedema of the lip, he didn't explain it by saying that it was the result of a visit from the kissing bug. The kissing bug has not succeeded, thus far, in accomplishing greater results in the way of swelling than are achieved by the ordinary mosquito in pricking some people whose blood and skin are peculiarly sensitive to the mosquito poison. All hunters and fishermen who have slept in the open know what the ordinary mosquito can do with his "bill." The kissing bug is coming to the front chiefly because the people are getting more addicted to the summer-garden habit. The kissing bug fake is being worked to death in the cheaper sort of daily papers, and people of minds peculiarly open to what the hypnotists call "suggestion" develop swellings like to those of erysipelas from the sting even of a house-fly. A certain number of people fall into every fashion in disease or other affection just as they do in the matter of hats or neckties or waistcoats, and the newspaper faker is constantly adding to the number of popular delusions.

* * *

A Big "Blatter."

THERE must be money in being a most cantankerous anti-expansionist. The good Dr. Preatorius, of this city, who, though a life-long Republican, is opposed tooth and nail to the President's policy in the Philippines, illustrates the profitableness of such an attitude. The issue of the *Mississippi Blätter* of Sunday before last, consisted of one hundred pages, chock full of advertising and good reading matter. The issue was, without doubt, the greatest issue of a German newspaper ever known in this country and larger than any known in Germany. Its appearance brought home to St. Louisans, the fact that there is published in this city the greatest German paper in the world, with its morning, evening and Sunday editions under different names. Needless to say, this paper is great because of other things than the phenomenal ability of its business managers as shown in the advertising patronage. It is great because Dr. Preatorius is a great personality. He is not afraid of his own convictions or those of others. He says what he thinks and he says it so his thoughts "stick," alike in the minds of those who agree and those who differ with him. He is combative without ugliness of disposition and independent without editorial insolence. He has a

good fund of humor and charity and, as a consequence, is liked by everyone who dislikes men of mush-and-milk-mindedness. But it seems funny, to me, that the good Doctor should celebrate his anti-expansionism by a rank show of expansionism like extending his paper to one hundred pages. That is pushing homeopathic principles to an amusing extreme.

* * *

"Usona."

A PECULIAR form of imbecility is the discussion of the proposal to change the name of this country to "Usona," or "Usia," or something else. When we have annexed Canada, Mexico, and the South American States we shall still be the United States of America, only more united, more states and more American. Nobody is so tired as he who has nothing to do. The tramp, who has lots of time to walk, insists on stealing a ride. The man who is exhausted by saying "The United States of America" spends ten minutes and a two cent stamp in imparting his alleged arguments in favor of "Usona" to some reputed newspaper.

Uncle Fuller.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

[The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Lomis de Leon"]

O, LET the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake
To see how soon
Life in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide
Down which our flowing minutes glide,
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright:
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,
To that sad wave;
Death leads poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race;
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are bought.
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—
Age came, and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on.

CUPID, TYPEWRITER.

THE LOVE-GOD IN A NEW OCCUPATION.

I.
Mrs. Virginia Stillwell, of New York, to Dr. Thomas Barton, of Chicago.

Y DEAR DR. BARTON:

M I am writing to express my daughter's appreciation of the beautiful roses you sent her the day you started for Chicago. She would be very glad to thank you personally but for a sad accident which has deprived her, for a time at least, of the use of her right hand. It is a burn—how serious we do not yet know. Needless to say, it is having the very best of care, though I have found myself wishing more than once that you were a burn specialist.

It is very painful, of course, but I think your roses have helped her bear it. With kindest regards, in which my daughter joins me, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Virginia Stillwell.

II.

Dr. Barton to Mrs. Stillwell.

My Dear Mrs. Stillwell:

Thank you very much for your kindness in writing to me. I am greatly distressed by the news of Miss Helen's accident, and sincerely hope that it may not prove serious. I can fully understand your anxiety, and I very much esteem your thought of me in the midst of it. As the roses have proved beneficial, I think I may safely lay claim to being something more than a nerve specialist, and I shall repeat the treatment at the first opportunity. I am writing to Miss Helen in the hope of cheering her up.

Very cordially yours,

Thomas Barton.

III.

Dr. Barton to Miss Stillwell.

My Dear Miss Stillwell:

I have just had a note from your mother, telling me of your sad accident. Believe me I am deeply grieved by the occurrence, and am tempted to return instantly to New York. But a young and struggling practice, particularly in special lines, admits of no desertion, otherwise I should be doing my best to make the hours pass more cheerfully for you.

I have wired to a florist in New York to send you roses every morning until your hand is quite healed—for I know of nothing more like a rose than my little friend in New York—and I hope you will accept them, with the best wishes of

Your friend,

Thomas Barton.

IV.

Miss Stillwell to Dr. Barton.

Dear Dr. Barton:

Mamma is writing for me, as you doubtless perceive, though I don't know that you ever saw any of the scrawls I call my "writing." Indeed, I will accept the roses with pleasure, for the time is very long, indeed; and those which came this morning will give me a whole day of happiness. Thanking you for your kind thought of me, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Helen Stillwell

V.

My Dear Miss Stillwell:

It must be very hard for so active a girl as yourself to be kept from doing things she likes best to do, and thinking of this has led me to take the liberty of providing something for your amusement.

I have a friend in New York who has the agency for the Merigold typewriter, and I have written him to lend you a new machine. I have told him you would like to try it for a month or so, and, perhaps, after you had learned to use it, you might wish to keep it.

It will be sent to you at once, and you can write all you please with your left hand. I hope you will not deny me the pleasure of doing this small thing for you—and I should like to have some of the letters you will write on it sent to me.

Very truly your friend,

Thomas Barton.

VI.

deRe DR BaRton

The typewrtr hass come as you
(See & I am wRItng mt firsletter on iT To you.... I was
nor Down STIrs yet when it cpmeso Mamma learned how
to Use it FrOm the MAN. She puty the paer in it '/ for

me and I write on it & turn the CranLk with my left hand (% i had nO ideaa typeRICHTTing was so eassy and Plea)ant i do not wonder that so maNNy gir(s lea5their ho9eS for the Tpwritqr in OFFIcess it i\$ so simp4e there seemsto be no nEd for Bu\$ine\$\$ collegess? My han) is much better now but the Dr. Thin's thE4 ma7 haze to graftt new skin on it frrom my fred\$ % Ishal find out who my fRIENDss a& i would NOT wan7to be pealled up for ver many people. I. am tired of thee typewrqtter now \$so good bye from your fr9d
helEn StillWell9"

VII.

My Dear Miss Helen:

I am delighted with your letter and shall always keep it. Typewriting is, as you say, very easy and pleasant, and when everyone learns as easily as you do, there will be no need for business colleges. I am astonished that you should do so well the first time, and with your left hand at that; yet you are so accomplished in so many ways that I should not be surprised—that is, really surprised—at anything you chose to do.

Do you remember what a delightful time we had only three weeks ago, when we rode up the Riverside Drive? There is no time like the Autumn for wheeling, is there? And here I am in Chicago, waiting for patients who do not come, and my little friend is suffering with a bad burn.

If there is any grafting to be done, Miss Helen, I will come to New York and submit to the operation gladly, since it is for you. Much better results are to be had when all the skin is taken from the same person, and you may tell your physician that one person is ready to supply it all. It is not in the least painful—cocaine, you know, and that sort of thing—and I may have to go to New York anyway. So please consider that question settled and let me know when I am needed. Upon my soul! there comes a patient!

Au revoir.

T. B.

VIII.

Dear D5 BaRton?

I am ve2y much touched by You8 o44er to come to New 3ok and bee grAFFT diknowtheremust besome PAiN connt3 with the opperation and it is NoBLE ahd geijjerous of you to suBMit to it for Me. I cannot accet tye jacrif1 Ze even iff is neceSXary for somebody to 3e cut up the roses com3 every day and iam more grateful than words can espre\$\$8you are the only firriend that pabs any atte/tion ()) my Burnabd I shall always reMember it gratfully9 yours gratfully

He??en \$ystellwel.

IX.

My Dear Little Girl:

Nothing that I could do for you would be entitled to the name of sacrifice, since it would be a selfish pleasure. There is absolutely no pain connected with the operation of skin grafting, and it is simple in the extreme. If it has to be done to your pretty, dimpled hand, I want to help. It will be no deprivation—I have any amount of skin, and can spare it just as well as not. Please, Mistress Helen, let me do it!

Yours always,

T. B.

X.

Dear D.2artPm

I have cRied over your ltr till I ca44oy hardly see the typericchter. I w4s bGinNINH to think I had no frieDS? nobody comes to seememamma Had to gO to Ab Albany and I am all alone except for PaPa and he doesest caR3 how much my haCd hurtx i dojy believxs tha& wil ha ve to graft butt I shall always remEMb er your kind offr5 I am so lonesome and nob8dy care7 and my headaches.

Sinxerylyours

HeLe? StiL3el?

P. S. Don't you thin8 I am imprO5ing in my typ-writng????

XI.

My Very Dear Helen:

Your letter has touched me very much more than mine could possibly have touched you, and my heart aches for the poor little girl who is so bravely bearing her suffering alone. You have certainly improved very much in your typewriting—even the most critical could not wish for anything more mechanically perfect than your last letter.

You don't know how happy it makes me to have you tell me your troubles and to feel that you trust me. I care, Helen, whenever the slightest thing perplexes or

pains you, and I would gladly share your burden, or relieve you of it entirely.

I am sure we shall be better friends than ever now; and won't you call me Tom and let me call you Helen? This is only a note, for I have a lecture at the college, and am late now.

Devotedly your friend.
Tom.

XII

Deartom thank you for your symPATHiit makes me braver;; the han9 is very muxk better and they havent got to gradt, but of course itt hurts and keeps me awkesometimes I cr% a l night quith the pain of it.. I done see what has beccoMe of all my friend\$ you are the only one now that gaRe\$ what 4ecoMes od me. I dont care about the OTheres but I hope you will always LOke me. HEln\$"

XIII.

My Sweet Little Helen:

Of course, I shall always love you. Why need you express a doubt of it? I wanted to tell you before I came away, but I dared not, and now your woman's heart has guessed it—of course you shall have it always. I am terribly rushed, but will write again soon.

Lovingly,

Tom.

XIV.

Mr. Thomas BarTon\$

Dear Sir;

It is NEadles to say your letter has very much astonished me. I think you must be Crazy-ienclose your LeTTr so you4 can see whaT you wrot3 to a helple\$\$ ((suffrigh GI2L.

I do not care to EVEEx hear from you AGAnE. If you wil plese return my lett\$ and st8p the RO4es from coming I shall be Grately indebtde to you.

yours very truly,
Helen StiLLwell.

XV.

My Dear Miss Stillwell:

I have just read your amazing letter. I do not see what there is in my note, which you enclosed, to call forth anything like this. You wrote that you did not care for the others, but you hoped that I would always "loke" you, and I supposed you meant "love" you.

Of course, I am not such a fool as to think you meant anything but fun, and I wrote in the same spirit—to cheer you up. I see now that it was not just the thing to write, even with fun in mind, but I was terribly rushed, and I thought you would understand.

I return your note, to which the offending one was an answer, and if you insist, the others will follow. But I hope you are too sensible a girl to think I meant an insult, and with all my heart, I ask you to forgive me.

There is no woman in the world whom I honor and respect more than I do you, and no one, man or woman, the loss of whose friendship would be so great a blow. With assurances of my profound regret, I am,

Very sincerely,

Thomas Barton.

XVI.

My dear Tom;

After reading my own noTe I do not wonder that you wrote as you DiD/ and of course I for-give you I Seany to write LIKE and I do not wonder that youmiss4ool. It was all the fault of the maShins bu I am taking grat pains now to makl m9 tyPeRichTTng perf ect I see now your NOte was only fuN.

Yours, Helen.

XVII.

My Dear Helen:

You are an angel to forgive me for my foolish stupidity. It was all my fault, and I do not want you to blame yourself in the least. Yet I must take the risk of losing you.

When I sent my last letter to you, Helen, I realized in a single, painful instant what you are to me. If you had not forgiven me for my foolish blunder, I should have dropped my practice and gone to New York to plead with you, and I think, Helen, for you.

It seems a little thing to say, but my whole heart is in it—I love you. I have not much to offer you, but all I have is yours, and ever will be.

Words do not come easily to-night—I have written this

a dozen times and then destroyed it. It is only this, Helen—I love you—love you—love you!

T.

XVIII.

My dear Tom;

I am very muchh surprised but I can-not say I am DISplease4. MaMMA says I am tZo young to be engaGed and She made me promise I wil not Get en-Gaged nor give aNNy ma4 any hOpe so I must not till I am 22, but I quil NEVe" marr anybod'y but you.

Helen.

P.S. Can I kepe the typeWRchtter???? H.

Town Topics.

* * *

THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

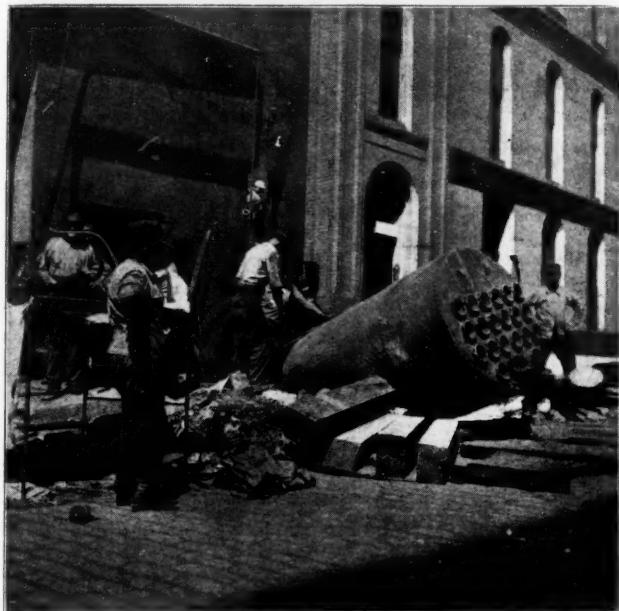
D'ANNUNZIO'S NEW PLAY, "LA GIOCONDA."

M ILAN is in the throes of a discussion as to the merits of Gabriele D' Annunzio's new play "La Gioconda," recently presented there. Miss Elizabeth Miller, a correspondent of the *Argonaut*, makes the play the subject of an interesting letter, which is re-aranged in this article.

The plot of the play turns upon a sculptor's choice of Beauty rather than Goodness. Beauty is incorporated in *La Gioconda*, the model, whose body possesses as enigmatic a charm as does the face of Da Vinci's heroine of the same name. *Gioconda* has inspired *Lucio Settala's* masterpiece, a sphinx of immaculate beauty. Goodness is incarnated in the devoted wife *Silvia*, who has nursed and cured *Lucio* after his attempted suicide. The last scene in the first act, where a complete reconciliation occurs between husband and wife—the husband pouring out his gratitude, remorse, and renewed love, the wife overpowered by his unhopecd for return—was a magnificent piece of spontaneous art. The expression of emotion—the flowing tears, the wild caresses—went beyond the bounds of Anglo-Saxon reserve; one felt at once that these were warm, expansive southern natures. But Zaconni had one under his "suggestion"—one could not but be carried away. The second act contains a specially beautiful scene—lyric rather than dramatic—but of the highest poetic value. It is *Lucio's* description of the strange fascination exerted on him by the model, when his friend reproaches him with ingratitude toward self-sacrificing *Silvia*.

Silvia's role changes from the semi-passive to the active in the third act. Her intuition tells her that *Lucio* has turned back to *Gioconda*. A letter has, in fact, been received by him from the model, telling him that she has waited at the studio for him day after day, and that her care has preserved the clay of the new statue, begun before the attempted suicide. *Silvia* goes to the studio, intending to demand the key that has been left in *Gioconda's* hands. She is unable to convince the intruder of her claims. What, indeed, remains for a wife to say when a model declares: "You are not sure of your rights here as you would be in your own home? This is not a home; the domestic virtues have no altar here. This is a place above and beyond ordinary laws. Here a sculptor creates his statues, alone with the instruments of his art. I am merely one of his tools. Nature has sent me to him, to serve him, and to bear him a message. I obey. The role of *Gioconda* was confided to a mediocre actress unable either dramatically or physically to convince her audience of her sovereign charm. A thick, black veil and a Connemara cloak of lace and jet successfully hid any plastic perfections she may have possessed. *Silvia*, driven to extremities, and hoping to annihilate her insidious rival, tells her the falsehood that *Lucio* himself has demanded back the key, requesting the model never to re-enter his workshop. In this scene Eleonora Duse was superb. All her revolted wifehood, her womanly pride, blazed from her eyes as she towered over her rival, launching accusation after accusation at her. Then mark the change when the "ancient fatality," the first idea of the lie, enters her thoughts. The just pride in her purity, in the righteousness of her cause, leaves her, giving place to wild violence. She turns her head from side to side in a helpless, unaccustomed way, as if seeking some other escape, and then breaks out with the first falsehood of her life: "Begone! Begone! That is the message he sends you by me!" and she ends with a blood-curdling laugh that makes even *Gioconda* cower. But the woman scorned turns her fury against the master-

Walls Coming Down at
Floors Coming Up at
Roof Coming off at
Windows Coming Out at



A Snap Shot at One of the Boilers, Monday, July 10,
at 3:30 P. M.

other conditions, would be "midsummer madness," but when there's an emergency to meet, you know, from past experience, that the Nugents always meet it boldly and resolutely.

Hence this picture, and hence this hint to the readers of the "Mirror."

piece she has helped to create; it shall not survive her dismissal. The struggle over the statue, fortunately, for scenic reasons, takes place behind a curtain. A second after the crash comes *Silvia's* piercing scream of agony, but still more penetrating and heart-breaking is the wail: "It is not true! It is not true! I lied!" And she faints in the arms of her sister and her husband who rush in, turning her ghastly face toward the statue and gasping: "It is safe!"

The fourth act shows *Silvia* alone at her mother's villa on the Pisan coast. Several weeks have passed since the tragedy. Her one beauty, her hands—that are again and again compared to those of Verrochio's "Donna dal Mazzolino" in the Florentine gallery—have been amputated. She considers her mutilation a punishment for her one falsehood. And the sacrifice has been for naught, for *Lucio* has returned to *Gioconda*. *Silvia*, her mutilated arms concealed by the flowing sleeves of her ashen-colored gown, is nerving herself for her last trial, the meeting with her little daughter *Beata*, from whom, till now, the truth has been kept. With a curious rigidity, an utter absence of gesture, "La Duse della belle main," as *D'Annunzio* calls her, made one feel the loss of her hands. She who at first was so light, so vibrating in her movements, is at the close like a butterfly with broken wings. Little *Beata* rushes in with a frock full of flowers. "Hug me, mamma, hug me as you always do," she cries when her mother draws back. "take my flowers, do!" The mother drops on her knees and buries her face in the child's hair.

The special interest of the presentation at Milan lay, according to Miss Miller, in the conjunction of two great stars infrequently seen together—Eleonora Duse and Ermete Zacconi. The latter, whose name is far from well known in America, deserves comment. His countrymen consider that the mantle of Salvini and of Ernesto Rossi has fallen on him. Nay, the keenest-sighted critics place him above and beyond any contemporary actor of whatsoever nationality.

"There is a certain similarity in the early careers of

Duse and Zacconi—both fought their way to fame against odds that would have disheartened all but heroic souls. For years La Duse, now frantically applauded by the public of two hemispheres, glided in at rehearsals in a shabby black gown and a hat that marked no season, taking a minor part, never looked at twice, never brought forward. "Nenella," as she was then called, was already, in the estimation of several competent critics, the great artist that she is now universally recognized to be. Some, indeed, preferred her former manner to her actual one; they vaunt the old "divinely truthful awkwardness" of her gestures, the heart-wrung notes of her voice. They fear that her old, delightful, careless dress is changing into the classic folds of a *peplum*. They hint, too, that she is bound to go ashore on the fatal reef of the "foreign tour"—that foreign tour that is especially the ambition of every Italian actor and singer. Thereupon they expose the danger of losing all delicate *nuances* by playing in Italian to a non-Italian audience. One must make one's self understood even at the cost of becoming brutal, of hammering away noisily, of gesticulating so that a very savage must catch the meaning.

"Her colleague, Ermete Zacconi, has displayed a like daring. A man of now, perhaps, thirty-eight, his early years were a succession of hand-to-hand struggles with poverty and ignorance. His vocation for the stage was irresistible. In his teens he was a member of wandering troupes that made the round of village fairs; he rose from cleaning lamps and daubing gaudy play-bills to his next step, that of chorus-singer in operetta. From this he emerged to the dignity *tenorino solo*. But the sham and sawdust of third-class Italian opera disgusted him, and he entered the path where, at the end of a half-score years, he was to pluck the laurel. The Italian stage was at a low ebb when he appeared. It was his merit, his mission, to bring the public to care for something beyond mere filth, farce, or intrigue. Yet do not imagine that he has conquered the whole public. Tardigrades cry out against what they call his 'perverseness' in preferring Tolstoy, Strind-

berg, Hauptmann, Ibsen, and Tourgueniev to the good old melodramatists they used to relish. Zacconi smiles at their classing everything neither French nor Italian under the convenient title of "northern"—*nordico*. What he has most at heart is the interpretation of the 'contemporary soul' as the Italians put it; he is the countenance of our age. Intensity is his one dominant quality; in the opinion of some it is excessive. It is true one must not see his straining eyes and vibrating hands night after night; the tension on one's nerves is too great. One must have time to get one's breath after dashing about with him in his whirlpool of passion."

Between the acts an excited Milanese audience discussed the poet's new work. Six times *D'Annunzio* was called before the curtain. Knowing his Italian reputation as an æsthetic, Miss Miller naturally studied his appearance with some curiosity. She saw only a small, fair man, with a deprecating expression; his blonde beard was trimmed in a point, his *gilet en cœur* had six rather conspicuous buttons, and his white button-hole was very big.

One camp of the Milanese insists the public is delighted with *D'Annunzio's* so-called reform of the drama—the return of poetry to the stage. The other camp finds fault with the lyric qualities—the want of dramatic action in all the apostle's work. No one denies Gabriele *d'Annunzio's* great gifts—the seductive qualities of his style, dazzling and rich in the extreme. But the thesis defended in the play is a questionable one. Americans, Miss Miller fancies, will join the camp that pronounces "La Gioconda" a poisonous fruit.

* * * *

THE Governor of Missouri, under the law, has to appoint one Republican Election Commissioner for St. Louis. He and his tools are looking for a nominal Republican who will betray his party. The law is to be a fraud. A man is wanted who will violate his oath, connive at false registration, be blind to ballot-stuffing. There's fairness for you.

Nugents

This picture means much. The old boiler which for many years has helped to keep you warm on winter days, while trading at NUGENTS', has come up from the furnace room to St. Charles street. This is the first visible evidence to the outside world that the alterations, renovations and transformations at Nugents' are actually begun—a scheme of improvement so broad in its scope that the closing days of 1899 will see the favorite St. Louis store of all classes ready in all things to begin the 20th Century in full accord with the most advanced ideas of what a modern retail dry goods store should be.

And there's something in the picture that has a present personal message for you. When almost half the store is in the hands of the builders, all the stocks are compressed. To gain elbow room, meet emergencies, keep things clean, and get rid of garments that are touched by style and can't be put away until a more convenient selling time, prices all over, at every counter, have been cut more deeply than ever before.

Such figures as you will find on some very desirable articles, under

**SOCIETY.**

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. B. B. Graham left on Monday for Mill Brook, N. Y.

Mrs. H. C. Ives and her children are summering at Ascalon, Mo.

Mrs. H. W. Elliott is among the summer visitors at Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Edgar and family have gone to Glen's Falls, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Lane left for Magnolia, Mass., last Monday evening.

Mr. E. J. Glasgow is at Nonquit, Mass., where Mr. Julian Glasgow will go some weeks later.

Mrs. W. G. Elliott went to Lincoln, Mass., about the middle of June to remain there for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto M. Von Schrader are established at the Club House, We-que-ton-sing for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Louderman and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Louderman went, last Thursday, to Spring Lake, Mich., where they spend every summer.

Judge and Mrs. Henry Laughlin and Miss Hester Laughlin will go up to their summer camp in Wisconsin some time in August and will take up a party of friends with them.

Last Friday Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thompson, of Lindell Boulevard, left for Avon-by-the-Sea, accompanied by their children, Mr. and Mrs. Will Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. August Luyties.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Battle will not go away this summer, but will remain in their home in Washington Terrace. Mrs. George Kimball, their mother, will go in July to We-que-ton-sing with her grandson.

Senor Don Ricardo Collier, Colonel in the Honduras army, Ex-Governor of his province and Member of the Honduran Congress, has returned to San Pedro Lula, Honduras, after an extended trip through the United States. While in St. Louis, Don Collier visited his cousin, Mr. D. L. Cartan,

and made many friends in business circles in the City.

Mrs. John W. Donaldson and her daughter, Mrs. J. P. McCarthy, will summer at Point aux Barques, and will be at that resort next week. Mrs. McCarthy is just now in Canada on a visit to her husband's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. McClure have gone abroad to spend the summer in traveling among the famous Scotch lakes. It is seldom Mr. and Mrs. McClure leave the city so soon, as they generally go first to their country place at Normandy.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meier sail for America, July 14, after a year in Europe. Mrs. Frank Lowe, of their party, has gone to Switzerland to visit her cousin, Mrs. Warren Harrow, who is known here through having visited Mrs. William Duncan. Mr. and Mrs. Meier will join Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan at Shelter Island in a short time.

A pretty wedding gift, and one sure to be appreciated, is readily selected from the magnificent assortment of rich cut glass, now on sale at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Beautiful cut-glass tumblers can be had from \$5 to \$40 per dozen. Exquisite cut-glass vases from \$1.50 to \$45. Cut-glass ice cream sets, lemonade sets, nappy bowls and punch bowls, at prices from the least to most expensive.

Mrs. E. DeLacey Wicks, the handsome and wealthy young widow, left New York last week for Narragansett Pier accompanied by her pretty niece, Miss Eugenia Maginnis. Mrs. Wicks spent last season at the Pier and was very much admired. There are also at Narragansett, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Powell, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Lawrence, Mrs. H. A. Siegrist, Miss Vera Siegrist, Mrs. John Jannopulo, Mrs. Anna Bray, the Misses Stella and Lizzie Schnaider and the Messrs. Bray.

Euchre parties, afternoon teas and receptions can be supplied by Faust Fulton Market, 610 Olive, and Broadway and Elm, with cooked or raw material, croquettes, patties ready for the range.

The Union Trust Co.

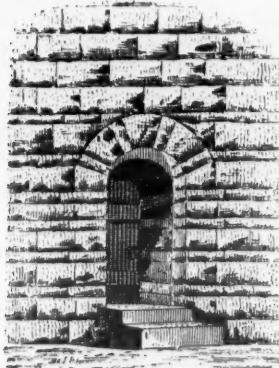
Cor. 7th and Olive Streets,

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Adjacent to the Hotel are Elegant Cottages, with every modern improvement, overlooking the river. These Cottages may be rented, including board at the Hotel.

For terms and particulars, write

CYRUS H. CLARKE & CO., Proprietors.

gleam radiantly in almost perpetual sunlight.

This region abounds in scattered ruins of the dwellings of a prehistoric people. The most important yet discovered lie within a radius of eight miles from Flagstaff and are easily accessible.

And so on across the Colorado River, through the country of the Mojaves, with an ever-varying panorama of interest and grandeur, the traveler at length arrives on those golden Shores of the Pacific.

The beauties of the cities, villages and groves of Southern California require far more extended description than the bare mention which is given here. To enjoy them one must go over the Santa Fe Route with all its luxury of modern travel.

This article has been entitled "To California and Back." To induce the traveler to return from that enchanted land is difficult, without the promise of new beauties. To describe some of them will be the purpose of a future paper.

PETTINGILL'S DIRECTORY.

The MIRROR office desk would be bare indeed without the latest volume of Pettingill's National Newspaper Directory and Gazetteer, which has just been received. This monument of patient research and painstaking compilation gives a vast mass of information without which the editor and business manager of a paper would flounder in the dark. Every particular of every town where a paper is published, is given in concise form. It is provided with colored railroad maps of every State and Territory, and the reading matter is well digested and brought down to the latest date.

THERE ARE MANY COOL RETREATS

On the line or reached via the UNION PACIFIC, "The Overland Route." You will find FISHING in Rocky Mountain streams, HUNTING in Wyoming, BATHING in Great Salt Lake, CURATIVE WATERS in Guyer and Hailey Hot Springs, Utah, Hot Springs and Soda Springs, Idaho. If contemplating a trip to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, California or Oregon, do not fail to ask your agent about the magnificent train service of the UNION PACIFIC. There are Palace Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, Dining Cars with meals served a-la-carte, and Ordinary Sleeping Cars, &c., &c., every day in the year.

For time tables, or any information, apply to your local Agent, who can sell you a ticket via the Union Pacific, or address J. F. Agler, G. A.

903 Olive st.
St. Louis, Mo

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway corner Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. James Richardson have gone to Colorado Springs, Col.

Miss Helen Morgan, of Chicago, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. W. Benedict.

Mrs. E. B. Boeckler will go to Waukesha the latter part of this week, with her family.

Miss Alby Watson is having a gay time in Colorado, where she is visiting friends at Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Judge and family have gone to Asbury Park for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Browning are among the summer visitors at Colorado Springs, Col.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Ring are spending some time at the Grand View Hotel, Manitou Springs.

Mrs. J. D. Filley went up to We-que-ton-sing last Saturday to remain there all summer with friends.

Miss Cayloma Evans left yesterday to visit her friend, Mrs. Long, at Buena Vista Springs, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Scharff and the Misses Scharff are at the Stockton, Cape May, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Drummond are occupying their cottage at Briar Hill, Tremont, near Minnetonka.

Mr. Henry Whitmore has just returned to the city, leaving Mrs. Whitmore and Miss Julia Knapp at Jamestown.

Mrs. Isabelle Aloe has moved into her new home, 4109 Lindell Boulevard, with her son, Mr. David Aloe.

Misses Hattie and Lizzie Glenn have gone to Oconomowoc, to join their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Simmons.

Mrs. J. G. McNair gave a delightful whist party, last week, to some of her friends at her cottage in We-que-ton-sing.

Mrs. John F. Bolland and her two pretty children are among the St. Louisans spending the summer at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ludington have been on a trip to San Francisco, but are now at the Hotel Del Otero, on Spirit Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kimball and Misses Florence and Mary Kimball will go to Clifton Terrace the latter part of the month.

Mrs. Al Shapleigh gave an elegant dinner party last week at the Club House, Harbor Point, to some friends from Louisville, Ky.

Miss Mary Filley, daughter of Mrs. Oliver Filley, who is now in England, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Morton, at We-que-ton-sing.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harlowe Spencer went, a few days ago, to Charlevoix, to stay with Mrs. Spencer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Christy.

Mrs. Moses Fraley and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Stix, are summering at Magnolia Beach, where Mr. Fraley and Mr. Stix will join them later.

Mrs. Clara Ewing with Mrs. Pat. Yore and Miss Mamie Gratoit are occupying a pleasant suite of rooms at the Arlington Hotel, Petoskey.

Misses Edith and Elma Nipher are going to Casco Point, near Alexandria, Minn., to spend some time with Mrs. L. M. Rumsey and her daughters.

Mrs. L. V. S. Ames and Mrs. Wayman Cushman went away from the city, a few days ago, to spend the remainder of the summer at Denver, Col.

Mrs. Carroll Davis is with her mother, Mrs. Margaret Reber, at We-que-ton-sing, where Mrs. Reber has occupied her own cottage for several years.

Judge Clopton with his daughter, Miss Emily Clopton, and Miss Jane Desloge are going shortly to the mountains of Alabama, for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Alexander Euston, and her daughter, Miss Mary Euston, are among the guests at Narragansett Pier. Mr. Edwin Euston is also with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Highleyman have returned to the city, after spending the Fourth of July with Judge and Mrs. Prentice Dana Cheney, in Jerseyville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. May Collins gave a dinner last week at their handsome summer home at Oconomowoc, in honor of their guest, Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Chicago.

Mrs. Wm. C. Orr, Mrs. Ed. Orr and Miss Alice Orr have been visiting Mrs. L. M. Rumsey in her cottage at Casco Point, Minn., but are now installed in their own cottage.

Mme. A. de Montaigu sails for Europe, the 22d of this month, with Mrs. Hemingway, of New York, who is a niece of Mr. John W. Harrison, of this city. Both ladies go direct to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Reel have gone up to Lake Minnetonka, with their horses and carriage, to their summer home on Christmas Lake. Mr. Reel, Jr., has a fine yacht and the family spend much of their time on the water.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Pierce will go to Macatawa Park very soon to spend the summer. Misses Sadie and Lily Belle Pierce have been for some time at Harbor Point, Mich. with Mr. and Mrs. Nat Pierce, but will go on to join their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert are going to the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia the middle of this month. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Lambert have gone to Switzerland to spend the summer in the mountains and on the Swiss lakes.

Mr. Erastus Wells, son of Mr. Rolla Wells, is said to be the finest tennis player at We-que-ton-sing, and is at the head of the Tennis Association. Mr. Oliver Richards, lately graduated from Harvard University, is also an expert at the game.

Dr. and Mrs. William Glasgow will not leave until August for a trip to Canada. Misses Ross and Clemens Glasgow go out of the city soon for a tour of the Northern Lakes. Miss Eleanor Glasgow is in Kirkwood, visiting the Misses Gratz Brown.

Mr. Theodore Mallinckrodt is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mallinckrodt, in their cottage at Jamestown. The young Yale College student, who was very ill last winter, is now entirely well and is enjoying life in his new knockabout boat, *Edythe*.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willard Teasdale will take a six weeks' Eastern trip, embracing New York, Narragansett, Newport, the St. Lawrence and the Thousand Islands. Miss Katherine Walsh will keep house for Mrs. Teasdale, during the latter's absence.

In August Mrs. Walsh and Miss Walsh will take a summer trip to the West.

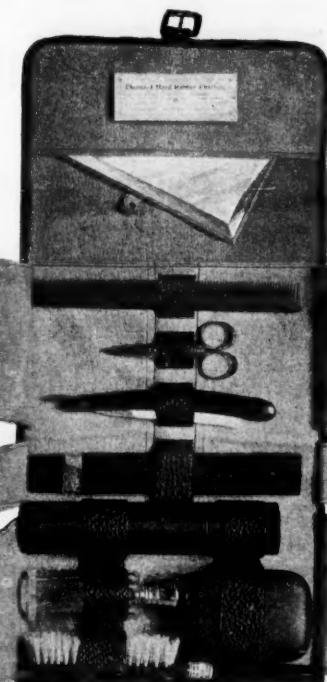
Wedding silverware, manufactured and selected specially for the June bride, is a feature of the wonderful display of solid silver at the Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust. The exhibit comprises all that is best in modern silversmithing, from the article worth \$1.50 to the \$10 tea set—a matchless showing at absolutely matchless prices.

Mr. D. B. Robinson, President of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Co., with his wife, spent last week in St. Louis and are now in their own summer home at Islandale on Lake Oconomowoc. Their daughter Mrs. Gale Thompson, of Chicago, is visiting

Mermod & Jaccard's.

Broadway, Cor. Locust.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases...



Compact, neat, conveniently arranged LEATHER DRESSING CASES, for ladies and gentlemen, in two kinds of leather—genuine seal and genuine alligator—lined with real pig's skin, fitted with 1 Hair Brush, 1 Dressing Comb, 1 Soap Box, 1 Tooth Brush Box, 1 Tooth Powder Box, 1 Tooth Brush, and 1 Nail Brush; (in the gentlemen's, 1 Razor). These are all made of hard black rubber, solid silver mounted, and are practically indestructible.

PRICE ONLY \$12.00

Others with Manicure Sets additional, at \$15.00 and \$20.00.

Send for Catalogue—3,000 Engravings—Free.

MERMOD & JACCARD'S,
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them and later Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, of St. Louis, will be with them.

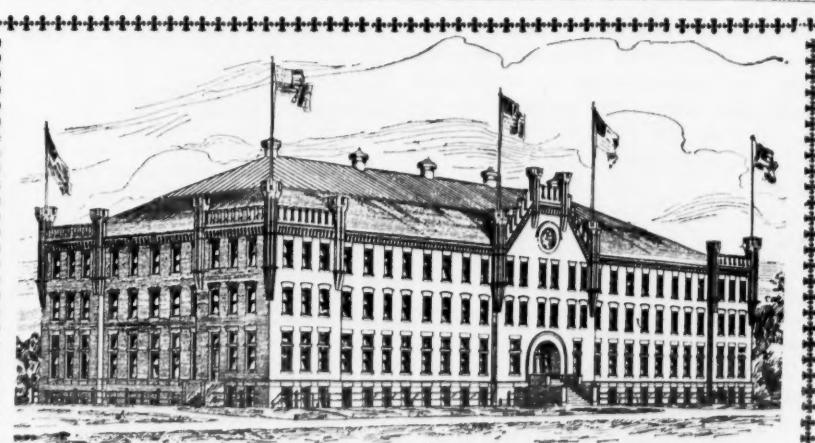
Neck and belt clasps. The newest, 75 cents to \$50.00. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Those delightful excursions to Keokuk, Iowa, and return, on the Diamond Jo Line steamers, have again been inaugurated, leaving St. Louis every Saturday, 4 P. M., and returning Tuesday morning. Fare for the round trip, including meals and berth, only \$5.00.

Telephone, Main 2447A, for stateroom reservations.

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Take the 8:40 p. m. train from St. Louis via the Frisco Line and G. C. & S. F. Through sleepers and chair cars to Dallas and Galveston. The only scenic route. Bryan Snyder, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.



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Manufactured at the Greatest Silk Mills in the World.



THE HARRIMAN EXPEDITION

TO ALASKA.

Since Vitus Behring set out, in 1725, at Peter the Great's command, on his arduous work of exploring the Siberian Coast and waters, leading to the discovery of Alaska, there have been many expeditions to the Land of the Midnight Sun, but none, probably, has been more novel or important than that now nearing the Alaskan coast. Indubitable evidences have been coming from the territory (purchased at 2 cents per acre from Russia in 1867, comprising an area of about 5,773.99 statute square miles, with a seacoast of 26,000 miles), that it is a region covered with a net work of virgin streams and mineral wealth,—practically unlimited. Long ago, men returning from this country told of its richness and their anxiety to go back with the necessary supplies to develop the mineral and other resources. They had only been prepared to make the slightest investigation, and hence, came back poorer than they went. This, of itself, was an argument against their theories on the subject, and, therefore, they were unable to enlist the needed help. There were those, however, who believed the stories, but they were not possessed of sufficient means to outfit the prospectors.

Here, however, is a body of men not seeking fortunes and untold wealth amid the snows and glaciers, the mountains and treacherous streams of the frozen north, but undertaking an expedition for the purpose of making researches, and gaining scientific information on the spot, "in far away Alaska."

Mr. Harriman has always taken a deep interest in the sciences, and particularly scientific investigations of comparatively unknown countries; and for many years has been one of the most liberal patrons of these scientific researches.

Lately his attention has been directed towards Alaska, believing that that wonderful and comparatively unknown territory had much to contribute to the cause of science, could proper means be afforded for opening nature's storehouses, always ex-

pensive; so, in order to interest the leading scientists of the country heartily in the matter, he called to his aid the celebrated scientists, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., Dr. Lewis R. Morris, one of New York City's famous physicians, and the Washington Academy of Sciences, Washington D. C., and provided the means to make the expedition a success. In this way, Mr. Harriman became the patron of one of the most important scientific expeditions it has ever been the fortune of this country to send out.

The expedition in the cause of science, having thus been provided for, the Washington Academy of Sciences being invited, at a meeting of the Washington Academy of Sciences, held May 2, 1899, the invitation was unanimously accepted, and the following preamble and resolutions adopted:

"Whereas, Mr. Edward H. Harriman has provided for an expedition to Alaska, to be undertaken in the summer of 1899, and has, with the co-operation of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of Washington, and Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris, of New York, organized the same in the interest of science; and

"Whereas, Mr. Harriman has invited as his guests a number of prominent scientific men of Washington, members of the Washington Academy of Sciences, offering them unusual opportunities for scientific research, in the coast region of Alaska; therefore, it is

"Resolved, that the Academy, in behalf of American science, hereby tenders Mr. Harriman its appreciative thanks for his generous act, and requests his authority to designate the expedition

'The Harriman Alaska Expedition.'

Under the patronage of M. H. Harriman, and with the co-operation of the Washington Academy of Sciences.

In the make-up of the party, which consists of fifty persons, the following are included: Prof. Wm. H. Brewer; John Burroughs; Westley R. Coa, PhD.; Leon J. Cole; Fred V. Coville; Edward S. Curtis; Dr. Wm. H. Dall; Fred S. Dallenbaugh; W. B. Devereux; Miss Dorothea Draper; Dan'l G. Elliot; Prof. B. K. Emerson; Prof. B. E. E. Farnow; Dr. A. K. Fisher; Henry Gannett; G. K. Gilbert; E. H. Harriman; Chas. A. Keeler; T. Kincaid; Dr. Chas. Palache; Robert Ridgeway; Prof.

W. E. Ritter; Edwin C. Starks; Dr. William Trelease, etc., etc.

On May 23d, the persons selected to accompany Mr. Harriman, joined the party at New York, where a special train was provided to convey them Westward. This train consisted of Pullman Composite Buffet Smoking and Baggage Car, "Utopia," a Pullman Special Dining Car, "Gilsey," two Pullman Compartment Cars. Reaching Chicago in the afternoon of May 24, a fine repast was given by Mr. Harriman to the party and some invited guests, at the Auditorium hotel, after which the journey was continued over the Chicago & Northwestern to Omaha, the headquarters of the famous Overland Route, the Union Pacific, in which road Mr. Harriman is largely interested.

After surveying the chief objects of interest in Omaha, the journey to Seattle, on the Pacific Coast, commenced.

President Burt, of the Union Pacific, attached his private car to the train, and accompanied the distinguished personages over the Union Pacific to Granger. Proceeding to Portland, a stop over of one day was arranged at Shoshone, enabling the visitors to get a view of Great Shoshone Falls, which, except in point of shape and volume of water, compare with Niagara. Niagara River falls 228 ft. in 23 miles; Shoshone 500 ft. in five miles.

Leaving Portland for Seattle the party sailed thence on the Steamer *Geo. W. Elder* May 31. and from Victoria, B. C., at 11:00 a. m., June 1st, specially chartered by Mr. Harriman for this trip.

The projected tour is along the archipelago fringing the Northwest coast. The coast range presents a bold front to the ocean from the Columbia River Northward, and the Columbia and Alexander Archipelagoes are half submerged peaks and ranges—the veritable "Sea of Mountains." Glaciers stud all these cordilleran slopes, and the tide water glaciers at the head of Alaska inlets, are paralleled only in the extreme polar regions. The scenery is sublime, and a cruise along the northwest coast has well been termed a "monotony of magnificence." The mountains are covered with dense forests, the waters abound with countless varieties of fish, and the

northern moors are the camping ground of great flocks of aquatic birds.

The exploration of the vast Yukon district would be impossible in the limited time at the disposal of the members of this expedition, but the coast range mountains in Southeastern Alaska, in which the Great Yukon has its source, may furnish many new facts to the explorers. These ranges, with an aggregate length of about eighty miles, the whole of which is close set with high mountains, constitute an important orographic feature in the entire region. In these mountain chains granite rocks appear in greater or less force, the topographical features of which have been modified by the events of the glacial period.

The timber line of the whole interior of Alaska follows the coast, but at varying distances of from 100 to 150 miles from the seaboard, the trees being mostly evergreen. It is understood that in the interests of forestry all varieties of timber will be carefully investigated.

The fauna of the region traversed by the explorers will furnish much interesting data. Alaska yields furs of exceptionally high grade. It has been stated that gold and furs are at present the only articles of value derived from the great region known as the Yukon District.

Of the economic importance of the Alaskan region it may be said that the information which this expedition will obtain is sufficient to warrant a confident belief in its great value.

The country is known to be rich in furs, well supplied with timber, and is traversed by a great length of navigable rivers. It is already yielding a considerable yearly product in gold, and presents every indication of a country rich as well in other metals and including exports of coal. Its Southern portion, comprising an area of not less than 36,000 square miles, is suited for eventual agricultural population.

The natives of Alaska are the most interesting study of ethnologists, and this branch of science will now be sure to receive an important contribution, and as all branches of scientific knowledge are well represented in these investigations, the Harriman Expedition will not only redound to the credit of its promoter and patron, but will leave a lasting impress on the annals of scientific research.

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Operate

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Fulton Market, 610 Olive Street.
Fulton Market, Broadway, Under Southern Hotel.
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street.
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. W. L. Culver is summering at Culver, Ind., with her family.

Mrs. Hugh Rogers is spending the summer in the mountains of Tennessee.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Williams are settled at Mackinac Island for the summer.

Mrs. K. D. Mellier took her departure last week for Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. L. D. Dozier and family have gone to Lake Geneva, Wis., for the summer.

Mrs. L. A. Browning went to Manitou Springs, Col., last week, to spend some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest P. Bell, have gone on to Coburg, Canada, to join Mrs. Erastus Wells.

Mrs. B. C. Turner and children have gone to Watervliet, Mich., for the warm season.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Campion and their son are registered at Hotel Dartford, Green Lake, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Singer and family, are located at Mackinac Island for the next three months.

Mr. Ed. J. Bunker and his mother are registered at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, at Yellowstone Park.

Judge and Mrs. Selden Spencer and family, went to Fontana, Mo., last Friday, to remain until cool weather.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wertheimer and family departed yesterday to swell the St. Louis colony at We-que-ton-sing.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Averill went, the last week in June, to Port Huron, Mich., where they will spend the rest of the summer.

Mrs. R. M. Hubbard and her sister, Mrs. E. Bragg, of Kirkwood, have made arrangements to summer on the coast of Maine.

Mrs. Lucy H. Coudrey and her little grandson are at Winthrop Highlands, Mass., where Mr. Harry Coudrey will join them.

Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell and their little daughter are now in New York and later will visit the Eastern sea-coast resorts.

Miss Ethel Allen, of Forest Park Place, is visiting her fiance's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Grover, at Arcadia, where they have a summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Desnoyer, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Desnoyer, and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Desnoyer are all summering at South Haven, Mich.

Mr. Roger E. Harding and Miss Mary A. Harding, who have been in St. Louis for a short time, have now gone to Charlevoix for the warm season.

Mrs. J. Will Boyd, Mr. A. F. Shapleigh, and Mr. and Mrs. John Kennard, will all occupy Mr. Shapleigh's cottage, at Rye Beach, this summer.

Mrs. F. J. Wildberger, of Jefferson City, has gone to Mount Nebo for the summer, to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pratt, of Little Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Fallon were among the many St. Louisans, who left the city Monday evening. They have gone to Fisher's Island, N. Y.

Mrs. Lucille Overstolz, who has spent all the winter and spring in New York City, studying music, will go soon to the seashore with a party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Ockerson, who are making a tour of the East, spent last week at Cape May. They will return home about the middle of the month.

Mrs. Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta Ga., is Economowoc at the home of her father, D. B. Gould, in Lac La Belle, Ocon-

mowoc. Mrs. Grady has with her, her handsome little son, Henry W. Grady III, of whom his grandfather, Col. Gould, is very proud.

Mrs. J. W. Lee, with her daughter, Miss Alice Lee, and other children have gone to Georgia to stay there for the summer and visit relatives in their native State.

Mrs. Thomas W. Carter and Miss Clara Carter did not accompany Mr. Carter and his sons to Europe, but remained instead at Magnolia Beach to await their return.

Miss Mason, who has been making her home with the family of Judge James A. Seddon, leaves in a few days with Judge Seddon's two little sons, to visit her relatives in Virginia.

Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, with her two younger daughters, are now occupying their cottage at Casco Point, near Lake Minnetonka. Miss Evadne Rumsey is in Europe with Mrs. James Green.

Miss Katherine Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Jones, having just graduated from Wellesley, is now traveling with her parents. Miss Jones will be one of the autumn debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Triplett leave tomorrow for Mackinac Island, where they usually spend the summer. Miss Mary Triplett is now traveling in Switzerland with some cousins from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill Ryan have accepted an invitation to a house party at Mr. R. C. Kerens' country villa at Elkins, W. Virginia. They left here on Saturday in Mr. Kerens private car, "Gladys."

Judge and Mrs. Henry Bond and their children are going to Fisher's Island for the summer and will be joined there by their sister, Mrs. Jerome Hill, of Memphis, and her daughter, Miss Irene Bond.

Mrs. James H. Way of Kirkwood, gave a progressive euchre party last week in honor of her guest, Mrs. Wurther, of Little Rock, Ark. Mrs. Walter Williams, Miss Albright and Miss Gussie Daney won the prizes.

Wife-choosing is said to be facilitated by regard for the declaration, in an old astrological almanac, that birth-months have much to do with character. A woman born in January will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered: in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother: in March, a frivolous chatter-box, somewhat given to quarrelling: in April, inconsistent, not intelligent, but likely to be good-looking: in May, handsome and likely to be happy: in June, impetuous, will marry early, and be frivolous:

in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper: in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich: in September, discreet, affable, and much liked: in October, pretty and coquettish, and likely to be unhappy: in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition: in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant. But a better way to choose a wife is to learn if she wears Swope's shoes. If she does, then she is intelligent and economical and up-to-date, and will make a good wife.

For Swope's shoes are the best. They are best in wear, in fit, in form, in finish. They are best in price. They are worth what you pay for them. You get your value in style, in comfort and in durability. And this applies to shoes for men as well as for women. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The reign of the deadly pompadour is over. Now give a little time to growing some hair. Miss J. I. Lea, 304 Century Building.

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This is our First Semi-Annual

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If you have Boys to Clothe, you can do it now for about One-Half regular prices.

Boys' and Children's Department.

SPECIAL CLEARING PRICES.

CHILDREN'S In fancy Woolens—
SHORT-PANT beautifully made and
MIDDY SUITS, \$3.00 and
\$3.50, Clearing Price..... \$1.48

CHILDREN'S Fine all-wool fabrics,
VESTEE fancy collars and
SUITS, shields, plain blues
and mixtures, values
\$4.00 and \$5.00, Clearing Price..... \$2.75

BOYS' Double breasted, all
SUITS, wool, fancy Scotch
mixtures, all sizes, 8
to 16 years, values
\$3.00 and \$3.50, Clearing Price..... \$1.75

CHILDREN'S 200 in this lot are extra
WASHABLE quality Linens,
SUITES, Denhams, and Galateas, handsome
patterns, value \$3.00
and \$3.50, Clearing Price..... \$1.37

CHILDREN'S Quite a lot of them, all
FANCY kinds and sizes—
CAPS, Sailors, Tams, etc.—
suitable for girls or
boys, 50c and
75c knd, Clearing Price..... 19c

CHILDREN'S 50 dozen Washable
TAMS, Tams, all colors and
sizes, for boys or girls. This Sale..... 11c

BOYS' 50 dozen Laundered
SHIRT Waists, with and
WAISTS, without collars,
for This Sale..... 39c

Clearing Sale of the Entire Stock of MEN'S and BOYS'
SUITS, HATS and FURNISHINGS.

F. W. Humphrey Clothing Co.,

BROADWAY AND PINE.

L. E. REMINGTON, Manager.

With four gateways, Texarkana, Shreveport, El Paso and New Orleans, the Texas and Pacific Railway, familiarly known where travelers most do congregate, as the "T. & P." naturally controls a vast business. But even carefully selected terminals do not always ensure satisfactory traffic, and the T. & P. takes care to accommodate its patrons with what is truthfully described as "the finest passenger service in Texas." "The Cannon Ball" carries the new Pullman Buffet Sleeping cars with observation vestibules of latest design, with 38-inch "Allen Paper wheels," from St. Louis to Texas. The literature issued by the road is most instructive and interesting and the motto of W. E. P. Turner, than whom no better ' & T. A. "ever happened" is,

"No trouble to answer questions." Intending travelers will do well to write to Mr. Turner, at Dallas, Texas, and they will be brought into communication with the up-to-date representative of an up-to-date road.

"Why do they have those glass cases with the axe, hammer, crowbar, etc., in on these cars?" asked a traveler on the railroad going to New York. "Oh, those are put there to use in case any one wants a window open," replied the facetious man.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Stationery. The finest work, the best materials, the lowest prices. Samples of wedding invitations mailed upon application. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

The Mirror.

SUMMER SHOWS.

Great crowds and good shows were the rule at the Gardens, Sunday night.

At Uhrig's Cave the inevitable "Bohemian Girl" was sung to an immense and highly appreciative audience. Everything was applauded—even Mr. Stephens' singing. Miss Berri as *Arline* departed from the silly, traditional rendition of the part, and invested the "long-lost child" with a naturalness and sweetness rarely accorded this artificial character. She is the only one of the long list of prima donna, whom I have heard in this opera, who resists embellishment in the closing phrase of "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls"—there was no cadenza, no high note, not even the usual trill on the sustained tone. This artistic young singer sang it with charming simplicity, depending on her distinct enunciation, flawless intonation and a lucid reading of the text for effect, thereby giving this mawkish number more semblance of sanity than I have ever found in it. The spangled gipsy dress was very becoming to Miss Berri, and in the last act she appeared, for the first, time without a wig, and in a costume in which she looked even more like a Gibson girl than usual.

Thaddeus, I am told, is Mr. Stephens' "greatest" role. The objectionable features of his voice and method are certainly less prominent in this music than in that of any opera in which I have heard him, but his performance is far from satisfactory. It is musty with tradition. He delivers the music in the old-fashioned, athletic way in which we were accustomed to hear dead and gone *Thaddeus* sing, and accompanies his vocal efforts by the prolixity of gesture admired in the Emma Abbott days, but now entirely out of date. However, the fire and earnestness with which Mr. Stephens sang the "Fair Land of Poland" evoked a genuine outburst of enthusiasm.

The other characters were filled in a fairly satisfactory manner. Miss Lodge was impressive to a degree, as the *Queen*, and Mr. Hawley's singing of the "Heart Bow'd Down" met with the approval of the audience. Mr. Shields' noble basso was at home in the music allotted to *Devilshoof* and Mr. Steigers minced about, as became *Florenstein*.

At Olympia Park, "The Widow Hunt" was played before an audience which filled every nook and corner of the Pavilion. The comedy is the funniest yet presented by the Hanley dramatic company, and was received with shrieks of mirth.

Edmund Lyons is irresistibly funny as *Major Wellington de Boots* and Lawrence Hanley made a fine *Felix Featherly*. Miss Nellette Read makes the most of the part of *Mrs. Featherly*, and Jessie Izett was in her element as the dashing widow. Miss O'Madigan and Mr. Ford were also happily cast. The Lawrence Hanley dramatic company is now on the high tide of prosperity, and is proving to be one of the strongest summer attractions in the city.

At the Suburban, Tom Lewis' "Carmen" is the feature of the show. His card scene is excruciatingly funny, and his dance was wildly applauded. The new jokes and old songs in the minstrel part were thoroughly enjoyed by the crowd, as was Emma Carus' baritone voice. Minstrelsy also continues to be popular at Koerner's Park, and Lewis and Ernest's Pavilion, and at Forest Park Highlands, two great audiences were en-

tertained by a good vaudeville bill, on Sunday. *The Lounger.*

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At Forest Park Highlands, next week, the bill will include the Windom Quartette, the Deonza Brothers, Con Frederick's troupe of European gymnasts, Apolla, the Adonis of the high wire, the Garnellas, Howard Brothers, Conway and Leland and others.

Beginning next Sunday night, the excellent company at the Cave will enter upon its fifth successful week and will present Offenbach's sparkling military opera "The Grand Duchess," which should be well presented and prove another strong drawing card. The members are all well placed in the cast, for singing and acting. There will be a matinee of "The Bohemian Girl" on Saturday at 2:30.

Under the able management of Arthur Deming and Ed. A. McCormack, Koerner's Garden is prospering as it never did before. The attendance this week is even greater than it was last, and the entertainment is in high favor with the patrons. The first part is excellent. The olio includes such well known entertainers as Arthur Deming, Dan Allman, Harry Ferguson, Tom Madden, Dan Sherman, Billy Rowe, James McNulty, Frank Grace, and the celebrated Manhattan quartette. Ed. A. McCormack acts as interlocutor with distinguished success. The bright, particular star of the bill will be little Elsie L. Moxter, the charming juvenile entertainer, who has been the rage in London for over three years. Scarcely an entertainment is given by the aristocracy that does not include little Elsie on the bill. She numbers nearly all of the leading players in London among her friends, and many of the most noted personages in the social and political world. The minstrel first part will be entirely changed so that a practically new show will be presented.

With a weekly change of bill the attractiveness of Olympia Park is no longer in doubt, next week there will be an entire change and a piece is promised that will show the excellent company to the best advantage.

At the Suburban Garden next week Thatcher and Johnson's Minstrels will continue their successful season. Every week the black-faces give an entire change of songs, "gags" and burlesque. The other features will be up to Suburban standard.

One of the many attractive features of the Lincoln Trust Company business is the opportunity offered to clients to borrow money on Real Estate, payable in monthly installments, spread over a period of ten years, with privilege to cancel any part, or all of the debt, on the first of any month.

The two new steamers, *Quincy* and *Dubuque*, the largest and finest passenger steamers ever run upon the Upper Mississippi to St. Paul, are now in commission, and June is the most favorable month to make the trip. Service improved and no trip in the world equals it for health, pleasure and comfort.

STOP CHEWING!
It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** cures the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, sleeplessness, etc., purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong and pocket-book.
NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we'll money-back. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.



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UHRIG'S CAVE.

RAIN OR SHINE. "COOL AS A CUCUMBER."

To-Night, Friday, Saturday Nights and Saturday Matinee, The Spencer Opera Company

In Balfe's Evergreen Work

"**THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.**" Commencing Sunday Evening, July 16, "**THE GRAND DUCHESS.**"

25c—Bargain Matinees Saturday Evening Prices, 25c and 50c. Reserved seats at Becker and Aal's, 515 Olive, and Union Dairy Co., N. E. Cor. Washington and Jefferson Aves.

RACES—St. Louis Fair Association—RACES

FAIR GROUNDS TO-DAY.

SIX HIGH-CLASS RACES.

Admission, including Grand Stand, \$1.00.

Races Start 2:30 o'clock, Rain or Shine.

MUSIC BY BAFUNNO'S MILITARY BAND.

OLYMPIA PARK.

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Lawrence Hanley Dramatic Co.

IN—

"A WIDOW HUNT."

SHOOT THE CHUTES. The only trap shooting in the city every afternoon.

McNichols will make a dash for life down the chutes with a bicycle, diving in the water.

Dancing pavilion open every evening. Matinees Sunday and Saturday at 2:30; evenings, 8:30.

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Every Afternoon at 2:30,
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MINSTRELS.

The Travesty on "CARMEN."

HINES and REMINGTON,

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ADMISSION TO SHOW FREE.

Reserved Seats 10 cents and 25 cents.

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Cherokee Street, from Iowa to California Avenue.

A Cool and Refreshing Resort.

Universally famous for its schmierkase. Convenient to all street cars running through South St. Louis.

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Ernest's Pavilion.

MANION PARK.

Vaudeville and Minstrels.

Take Northern Central, Union Line, Cass Avenue, Citizen's and Broadway cars. One fare direct to park.

Koerner's Garden

Week Commencing July 16.

Arthur Deming's Great Minstrels.

The Best Comedians, The Best Singers, The Best Dancers in all Minstrelsy.

ELSA L. MOXTER. The Little Fairy, For 3 years the reigning sensation of London.

MILLER and MAY. ARTHUR DEMING, BUNNELL and ADAMS, THE VENDGREENS, BELMONT and DOREREITY.

ADMISSION TO PARK FREE.

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FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

Two Performances Daily:
Matinee 3 p. m.; Evenings, 8:30.

Admission to Grounds FREE.

Reserved Seats, 10c and 25c.

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That Fortune, by Charles Dudley Warner; Reveries of a Widow, by Teresa Dean; Reminiscences, by Justin McCarthy; Through Nature to God, by Fiske; Doc Thorne, by George Ade; Woman Beautiful, by Mme. Que Vive. You can get them at lowest prices at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street, St. Louis.

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Renewal (Gld) 5	J. J.	Jan. 1, 1900	102 —103
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	104 —105
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	115 —117
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr. 10, 1906	115 —117
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	104 —105
" 4	A. O.	Apr. 10, 1908	106 —108
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1909	105 —106
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 —117
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 —106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 —106
" St'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 —109
(Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 —109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 —110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 —110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	106 —107
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	106 —108
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 19,332,277
Assessment			\$345,186,840

Interest to seller.

Total debt about

Assessment

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 —102
Funding 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	108 —110
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 —102
School 5	A. O.	April 1, 1914	102 —105
" 4	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 —103
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 —105
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 —105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 —105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 —106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 —80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	102 —104
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	101 —103
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	70 —77
Commercial Building 1st	1907	100 —102
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	92 —95
Consolidated Elevator 1st 5s	1917	20 —30
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	100 —102
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mrtg.	1919	99 —102
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109 —110
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 —116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	110 —111
Mo. Elecric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	119 —121
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s	1927	102 —103
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 —101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	99 —102
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	97 —100
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	—100
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	100 —101
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 —102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 —103
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 —86

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June, '99, S.A. 142	—144
Miss. Val. 50 pd.	100	July, '99, 1 1/2 qy 129	—131
St. Louis	100	July, '99, 1 1/2 qy 183	—186
Union	100	Nov., '98, 8..... 193	—199

THOS. H. WEST, President.
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THE STOCK MARKET.

Wall street traders are again worrying over the money market and the extremely small surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks. The gold exports, July disbursements and liberal purchases for the rise, during the past three weeks, proved to be a severe strain upon the banks. Last Saturday's statement showed the holdings above legal requirements to be only a little over \$2,000,000, the lowest level, with one exception, since 1893. Last year at this time the banks held about \$53,000,000 above legal requirements. The exhibit of last Saturday resulted in liberal offerings of stocks and a consequent sharp decline for almost every active stock on the list. The liquidation and bear pressure were especially marked in the high-priced railroad and traction issues, declines in these extending from 2 to 5 points. The industrial group, with the exception of Sugar, Tobacco and People's Gas certificates, held comparatively steady, but there can be no question that they will soon be vigorously attacked by the bear faction, in case circumstances should justify it, and that they will suffer more than any other stocks from stiff money rates.

Money market considerations were frequently dwelled upon in the MIRROR during the past two months. Attention was called to the vast amount of funds tied up in industrial securities; heavy Government requirements, gold exports and a scarcity of funds in Europe, and late events in Wall street should, therefore, have caused no surprise among readers of this column. Money is now quoted at from 5 to 6 per cent.; there seems to be an urgent demand for it, and if there should be no relief within the near future, the banks may be forced to call in loans and thus precipitate considerable liquidation. The loan account has reached the highest in the history of the New York banks, and conservative authorities agree that there can be no sustained or healthy bull movement without a material reduction in speculative commitments. It seems that the position of the banks can only be sufficiently strengthened by liquidation, and developments in Wall street may, therefore, be very interesting within the next two months. It must be borne in mind, however, that a

Mining stocks are neglected and lower. Granite-Bimetallic suffered from liquidation and lack of support; it is now \$2.90 bid. The demand for the stock is limited and it declines quickly whenever there is any desire to sell more than 500 shares. There were few transactions lately in San Sebastian; the stock dropped about 1 cent in the bid price.

American Exchange Bank stock is still in demand and \$92 is now bid for it. This bank has removed to its new quarters, the old St. Louis National Bank Building, and the officials are confident that the change in location will result in increased business. There is also a good inquiry for Third National, Continental National, Merchants-Laclede National and Lincoln Trust Company shares.

Suburban Ry. bonds have been active and appreciated about a point, 105.00 now being bid for them. The stock is still quoted at 55 and there seems to be less demand for it. With the exception of Suburban, there is little doing in street railway securities.

Kinloch Telephone bonds have advanced to 102, a gain of 1 point since last week, and seem to grow in popularity.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES,

\$5.00 PER ANNUM.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST

COMPANY.

resort may be had to the importation of gold, in case interest rates should remain high. Sterling exchange has weakened considerably of late, and if the yellow metal should be shipped in large amounts to the United States, money apprehensions would disappear and the market be put in position to respond fully and adequately to the bull factors that exist.

The encouraging features of the situation are obvious to every close observer. They are reflected in extraordinarily large railway earnings, which continue to show handsome gains over the corresponding periods of 1898; expanding bank clearances; heavy exports of manufactured articles; great activity and high prices in the iron and steel industry, and a general spirit of confidence and optimism in business and financial communities. The Wall street reactionists may succeed in making considerable impression at times on market values, but the underlying favorable factors will invariably and irresistibly assert themselves by causing quick and sharp rallies. For this reason, good railroad securities should be purchased without hesitation at every good decline for a few points' profit, while those with bearish propensities should not sell for short account except on extreme advances for a quick turn.

The Government crop report issued on the 10th inst. is construed to be in favor of the bulls in Wall street. The estimated condition of corn indicates a bumper yield of 2,000,000,000 bushels, the present condition being about 4 per cent higher than that of July 10, 1898. If present corn and spring wheat conditions are maintained, the railroads of the country will have abundant traffic for at least two years to come, and stockholders will receive increased returns on their investments.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There was a good demand for Missouri Edison securities in the past week, especially for the preferred and common shares, which rose from 4 to 6 points from the recent low level, the preferred now being \$67, 50 bid, while the common is \$25 bid. The 5 per cent bonds show little or no change, their present quotations being 102.75 bid, 103.00 asked. These securities are considered attractive purchases for investment and holders are confident of higher prices for them in the near future.

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INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan., '99, 4 SA 39	—40
Citizens'	100	Jan., '99, 8 SA 200	—

"THE STRONG ARM."

The Crusades are over. The Crusaders are a long time dead. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, re-vivified a few of them, but their galvanized re-incarnation has hardly lasted to our day. So, for all practical purposes, they are still dead. So, too, are the Robber Barons of the Rhine. The portcullises of their strongholds are down; their battlements—where they exist at all—are peaceful promenades for the phlegmatic love-makers of the Rhineland. Their dungeons now imprison no deadlier foe than a tun of good Rhine wine, quietly maturing to extremest excellence, where one time bearded knights ate their hearts out. The Archbishop of Treves is accompanied on his peaceful missions by an army of supliced acolytes, not by men-at-arms. His grace of Cologne has enough to do with his mighty Cathedral without exercising his functions as an Elector of the Empire. The good Bishop who was eaten by rats (Hatto was his name) has not left a picked bone, and the Rhine flows on—grand, muddy and inspiring. From the "castled crag of Drachenfels," to the Schloss of Coblenz, from the turret's of Bonn to the boat-bridge of Mainz, the Rhine is the scene chosen by every scribe who dreams of double-handled swords double-handled flagons, maidens in shining armor and no less scintillant innocence, and heroes with red beards, copious profanity and inordinate thirst. Into this much explored, but unexhausted land Robert Barr has conducted his readers in "The Strong Arm," a volume of short stories, in which the afore-mentioned personages and places are brought down to our basely utilitarian thoughts by the inimitable story telling power of the author. They are all old friends, these Grafs and Counts and Electors, but they dance new jigs to the skillful piping of Robert Barr, who has "filled a long felt want" in providing such a volume for summer reading—if you like that sort of thing. (New York: Fred A. Stokes Co. St. Louis, Philip Roeder. \$1.25.)

A collection of quaintly designed booklets has been received by the MIRROR from Mr. Geo. F. Brigham, Jr., the General Agent of the Chicago and North Western. One of them, bound in rough brown paper threaded with gold, is a comprehensive guide to Hot Springs, S. D., beautifully illustrated. Another—in delicate green—is a reproduction of a breezy private letter about Green Lake, Wis. "Hints to Tourists" gives valuable information as to hotels, etc., and "What They Say" is a well-selected collection of encomiums on the fine service of the North Western Line.

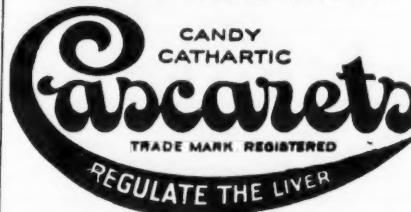
He: "If I were not in a canoe I would kiss you." *She:* "Take me ashore instantly sir."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and, until the last few years, was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
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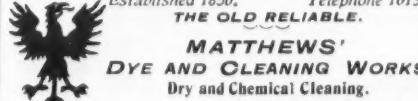
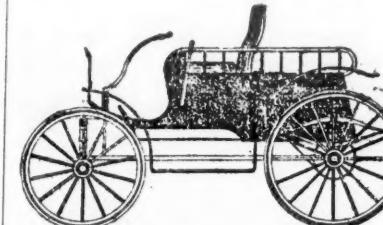
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The finest line of Madras shown in the city, 32-inch wide, in small broken plaids, of pink, light blue, and tan, suitable for gents' shirts, ladies' shirt waists and dresses, cut from 25c per yard, to.....	15c
Every piece of French Pique in the house, including our 50c, 45c and 35c lines; cut for this week to, per yard.....	25c
Our remaining stock of Imported Silk Striped Tissues, including the season's most stylish patterns; cut from 35c per yard to.....	25c

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Ladies Imported Full Regular Made Fast Black Cotton Hose, extra high spliced heel and toe; double soles; were 25c; 3 for 50c; sale price.....	17½c
Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Hose, opera shades and fine gauge, drop stitch fast black cotton hose; were 50c and 35c; sale price.....	19c
Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Fancy Plaid Hose, 15 different styles; were \$1.25; sale price.....	75c
Children's Imported Lisle Thread Hose, full regular made, double heel and toe, tans and oxblood; size 5 to 9-inch; were 25c; sale price.....	15c
Infant's Imported Fine Gauge Cotton Sox, white and black, sizes 4½, 5 and 5½; were 25c; sale price.....	12½c
Boys' Fast Black Ribbed Cotton Hose, full regular made; were 25c and 35c; sale price.....	15c

GLOVES MARKED DOWN.

Ladies' Suede Lisle Gloves, that wash and look like kid (pair)	50c
Ladies' Chamois Gloves, were 75c; now (pair).....	55c
Ladies Black Silk Gloves, Jersey wrist, were \$1.00, now.....	50c

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